TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Among the rumors of the week I hear one which is so well authenticated that I take the liberty of repeating it, that Mr. W. R. Meredith, leader of Her Majesty's Opposition in the Ontario Parliament, is to be appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court, and his place in the Local House taken by a more aggressive man. I can hardly see how the thing can be worked out, for W. R. Meredith has the confidence, and, what is more, the affection of the Conservatives of this Province. It will be difficult to fill his place, though I admit that he has been at the head of the minority so long that the Conservative electors have but little belief that he will ever succeed in defeating Mr. Mowat. It has long been evident to me that his is too just and kindly a nature to cope with the unmerciful and unscrupulous as well as talented henchmen whom the mild-mannered Mr. Mowat has gathered about him. It would be a pity to see Mr. Meredith out of politics. He is thoroughly radical and democratic in his tendencies, and had he not been restrained by his loyalty to Sir John would have made a vastly better showing than he has done in the Local House.

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Parnell showed wonderful ability and astuteness when addressing the Imperial Parliament immediately after his victory over the *Times* and those Parliamentary calumniators who have been assailing him. As Smalley, the correspondent, pointed out, he ignored his personal victory and seized the opportunity of his greatest success to moderate his party's demands. Home Rule, as he now defines it, will be acceptable to all justice loving people. The powers he asks for are no greater than those exercised by each of the provinces in this Dominion; and his carefully stated limitation that no privileges would be asked which would in the slightest degree endanger the unity of the Empire should set at rest the fears of those who imagine that his only aim was to establish in Ireland an independent and republican enemy of Great Britain. I would rejoice to see the Irish question settled. Who is there who would not be delighted by such a prospect? When Ireland is given Home Rule, Imperial Federation will be the next great question before the Imperial Parliament. Looking forward to the federation of the self-governing colonies and Great Britain, the Irish people will be able readily to see that a number of powerful and sympathetic allies, as long as they were just in their demands, would be their friends in an Imperial Council. Then would be realized the dream of home rule for Canada, home rule for Australia, home rule for Cape Colony, home rule for Scotland, home rule for England, home rule for Ireland, and British rule for us all.

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No matter how we may suspect the institutions of our Republican neighbors of being inferior to our own the inauguration of President Harrison and the quiet dignity with which ex-President Cleveland resigned his power into the hands of an opponent must make us feel that the democracy of this nineteenth century and this western hemisphere has within itself the restraints necessary to achieve a powerful and permanent future. After the bitterness of strife, after opportunities in which the President, had he seen fit to entrench himself by the appointment of a hundred thousand Democrats to office, might have established himself as dictator, to see him yield his place to another suggests to us how powerful, peaceful and self-reliant a force public opinion is in the United States. Human nature and the ambitions of men are very much the same as they were when the tribunes of the people often established themselves as tyrants. Were such things possible to-day presidents would have been found willing to make the effort, but Grover Cleveland, as was the case with every other retiring President of the United States, has felt that in the modern democracy no such thing would be tolerated. It is the force of educated public opinion rather than the modesty or goodness of the occupants of the White House, which has prevented any personal attempts to seize power or illegally retain office.

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The Jesuit Estates bill continues to be the leading topic of discussion, and Tuesday's enormous Orange rally at the Pavilion must be reckoned as the chief local event of the week. I confess I have very little faith in the possibility of an effective third party. In saying this I do not intend to disparage either the power or the sincerity of the Orange body. No one who knows their cohesiveness and devotion to Protestantism would say that they were either feeble or insincere, but we all know that events which though causing violent agitation at the time may be forgotten a month or at least six months afterwards. There are, too, so many side issues, so many personal and political relations which must be considered that it would be a greater cause of surprise if intense irritation on one subject should influence the whole conduct of a man than that forgetfulness should come, and that the healing over of the sore spot should be followed by a renewal of former alliances. For instance, a man may quarrel with his mother-in-law, resent her plain speaking and family interference to the extent of asking her to go home and stay there, but for the sake of his wife who loves her mother and for the sake of his children who are devoted to their grandmamma, he will quickly forget his little tiff and write to her to come back and visit him. It is a good thing that our affections and social ties make it almost impossible to treasure up hatred as people did centuries ago.

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In talking about third parties I speak from experience. In the hopefulness of youth one often imagines that it only needs a little persistent effort united to a good cause to establish a party which will overthrow the old ones. Those of us who have tried it, have found how difficult it is, how almost impossible it is. In times of agitation when there are no other attractions one is encouraged by the crowds which rally under the independent flag, but when election comes on and when tests are applied the old faith re-asserts itself and the best fidelity is esteemed to be faithfulness to the older cause.

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Out of movements of this kind which I have seen and in which I have had the privilege to be engaged, I believe great good has come, but without the direct accomplishment of the immediate end for which the organization was established. I believe such movements to be absolutely necessary to establish a fixity and intensity of purpose which must be recognized before any idea becomes influential, but I was much impressed by what an old Liberal politician told me in speaking of such movements, "that it is much easier to influence a party from within than from without." By this I understood him to mean that if men who are inside a party devote the same energy and executive ability which are necessary to start a new movement to influencing their own party they are much more likely to meet with success. As at present constituted, I imagine it a difficult matter to move the Dominion Grit party "from within." It hasn't life enough in it to feel a sensation of pain or the awakening of hope. The Conservative party, however, is in a different condition. It is in power; it is anxious to maintain its hold upon the country; it expects in the near future to have to fight under a new leader. It is necessary to its existence that the Protestants of Ontario shall support it. If the Protestants desert the party, or if the Orange body rise in rebellion, this Province would send a majority of Grits to Ottawa. If the Orange body and ultra-Protestants formed a third party and entered into a triangular fight, the third party would elect very few representatives, too few I fear to turn the scales. What, then, is the conclusion? If the Orangemen are sincere in this matter, and I do not doubt it, they should still act as members of the Conservative party, call a convention and demand of all their representatives in the House that the Jesuit Estates Bill be vetoed, if such a thing be possible, and mark well the men who oppose such a motion. They have power to defeat these men in the county conventions which nominate candidates, they have power to replace them with men who will be loyal to their cause. In this way the Orangemen acting within the Conservative party will have a much greater effect than by abandoning it and trying to work from the outside. It is unnecessary for anybody to change his political alliance at the present juncture or to assist in the establishment of a third party. They can do much better by letting it be known that they have a long memory and that the knife of the lodges is being sharpened for the man who fails to act in accordance with their instructions. As nearly all of the Orangemen are Conservatives, they can strike terror, if they wish, into the hearts of the members of Parliament by simply affirming that every man who fails to oppose the Jesuit Bill, must be sacrificed at the next general election,—not necessarily in favor of a Grit but in the Conservative convention—and letting it be understood that they have, for the time at least, made this a part of their obligation.

THE FAVORED KNIGHT.

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I suppose many of the gentlemen who listened to the able addresses on Tuesday evening may look upon the demand for a revision of our constitution as a movement born of this agitation. The Toronto *News* editorially for five years urged this as being absolutely necessary, pointed out that the people of Canada can never live together in harmony until it is done. Time and again the changes were rung on the impossibility, in a new country like ours, in which such dissimilar elements exist, where rivalries of race are intensified by the differences of religion, of living together under an instrument so imperfect as the B. N. A. Act. It was pointed out that while politicians must maintain a majority in Parliament they would use their extensive powers to corrupt various elements by the granting of unjust and unpatriotic privileges to sects and creeds in order to obtain their support. What we need, urgently need, is a constitution which will forbid and consequently make illegal, the granting of moneys, privileges, lands, or anything which is a portion of the public domain and under Parliamentary control, to any faction, race or sect. I can distinctly remember when some of my good Orange friends in Toronto thought the ennunciation of such views akin to treason, but time has brought the proof and I am glad to see such staunch citizens as those who assembled in the Pavilion applauding a sentiment which not long ago they felt to be the insidious proposal of one who desired to pervert, if not destroy, British institutions. That the British North America Act has been good enough so far is not proof that it is strong enough to much longer stand the strain; that it is not quite so bad as it was painted by the clever and enthusiastic young orator who spoke at the Pavilion, does not change the fact that it is an instrument which does not prevent such improper and unpatriotic privileges and endowments as are granted by the Jesuit Estates Bill.

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I agree with Mayor Clarke that we should feel sure before we go ahead, and thoughtful people will express their sincere approval of his moderate and circumspect conduct. It would have ill befitted him as Mayor of Toronto to have assumed a prominent place in the present agitation: that he as an Orangeman, who has been given the highest honors by his brethren, was bound to assist in a movement endorsed by the order goes without saying. No doubt his obligation made it imperative, though I am quite sure that his moderation did not meet with the entire approval of some of his old friends, yet everyone must understand that it was a difficult position, and when he was forced forward, that he appreciated the absolute necessity of the Mayor of Toronto speaking moderately and counselling caution was only what we had a right to expect. In this matter, when public sentiment fully determines that there shall be no connection between church and state, when it is the supreme law of the land that no gifts or appropriations shall be made to sectarian institutions, or to propagate racial lines or religious dogmas, then will be brought about a constitutional convention which will find it easy to procure an amendment of the B. N. A. Act. The Imperial Parliament will not refuse to rectify mistakes made in the former instrument nor to fortify those who insist upon an absolute civil equality. All that is necessary is a movement within the dominant party. Towards this movement the Orange body should bend its entire strength, and should it fail, it will have still the opportunity of initiating a new political party. Instead, then, of at once adopting the cry suggested by my eloquent friend, Mr. Holmes, would it not be well to modify it into a demand for a constitutional convention to which each constituency might elect a representative without regard to party? In such a convention the best brains and truest hearts in the country would be willing to sit, and as the time devoted to such a service would be short, many leaders of Canadian thought and men of eminence in the schools and professions who can not afford to be in Parliament would be glad to serve. History, I am sure, would accord to true patriots in such a convention a proud place, and chronicle the event as the turning point in our national life.

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Queen Victoria has always shown a great fondness for the Battenburgs, though the English people have been prone to complain of having so many of that ilk pensioned on their army and civil list. Probably at the present moment there is no one in England more thoroughly annoyed and angry than Her Majesty, who, after having favored the family so much, and endeavoring to promote the engagement of Prince Alexander and her granddaughter Victoria, has the mortification of seeing the gay youth marry an actress. Very few men have a chance to jilt the daughter of an empress, the sister of an emperor and the granddaughter of a queen, but Aleck Battenburg has done "that same." Emperor William is furious, and if he can make it so hot for the offender that he will have to come out to America and clerk in a hosiery store, Mr. Battenburg had better prepare to emigrate. Mlle. Leisinger has perhaps sacrificed more for a title than Alexander has lost by preferring love to rank. The dispatches say, however, that the most deeply wounded one is the dowager Empress, who has evidently desired to be known as one of the wise women of Europe. She made such a fuss when Emperor William objected to the match and the whole thing has turned out so badly that it gives her bumptious son a good chance to tell the world that his mother has not shown any better sense in anything else than in her match-making, and thereby will be able to partially justify his exceedingly unfilial conduct.

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I have not yet seen in the American papers an expression of opinion as to Harrison's cabinet, but it strikes me as one of the oddest combinations I have ever seen, and Blaine evidently had a hand in making up the slate. Windom is the only man, except Blaine, who has ever been heard of before in any large sense, and it is evident that the plumed knight intends to have things his own way. Harrison was evidently afraid of this when he insisted on having his law partner made attorney-general. Miller, it is said, is a man who can't be bossed and will no doubt represent Harrison in the Cabinet and be able to privately inform him of what is going on. Noble, Proctor and Tracy may be strong men, but they are entirely unknown outside of the States in which they live. Sometimes, however, these commonplace and level-headed fellows make exceedingly good adjutants, and with these hardheads Harrison has gathered around him, and Blaine at the helm, we may look for a thoroughly republican administration and an attempt to so fortify the party in power that the Democrats won't have the shadow of a chance when the next election comes around.

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On Wednesday the *Globe* poured out a column of ridicule on the Orange demonstration at the pavilion and intimated that the Orangemen were a lot of duffers and were being led by the nose. On Thursday it tells us that the Grand Lodge means business, and demands plump and plain that Sir John shall disallow the Jesuit Estates bill. It would be a good scheme for the *Globe* to have the same opinion two consecutive days. Its vaccillation and weakness of management is further displayed by one of the most absurd attempts to blow its own horn and belittle its competitors that ever rendered ridiculous the columns of a daily newspaper. No journal ever added to its reputation by stigmatizing its critics as "howlers," "baffled curs," etc., nor are its interests advanced by making a shallow pretence that

it has always stood up for right, that it has been pure in heart, honest in criticism and ever ready to stand in the gap and suffer for righteousness' sake. In speaking of its enemies it says, "We regard them as instruments utilized by a mysteriously working Providence to advance the *Globe* and the cause of righteousness." Was there ever an instance of more consummate hypocrisy. Who else would ever think of making synonymous terms of, "the *Globe*" and "the cause of righteousness!" Who but a satirist, not restrained from blasphemy, would dare intimate to the general public that a "mysteriously working Providence" is engaged in the management of the *Globe*? Certainly, if Providence is editing that paper the proof-reader must have added the last sentence in the editorial referred to: "Wherefore we sincerely forgive the wretched cure and hope that they may find as free pardon in the hereafter." SATURDAY NIGHT was not under criticism, and it is probably none of our funeral, but the managing editor, whether it is Providence or Mr. John Cameron, ought to smite the writer of that column of rubbish with a great big hickory club.

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Perhaps all this *Globe* wrath is excited because the *Mail* has made some pretty considerable hits lately, and is attracting to itself the majority of Protestant Liberals. The *Mail* seems proud of its libel suit with the Jesuits, and no doubt it will be a very sensational affair if the case ever reaches the courts, but before they get through with it, it may not be such a nice thing to have. If they are to be sued in Montreal they may find the lawsuit almost as difficult as if they had slandered the devil and were to be tried in hell, not that I would compare the Jesuits to the devil or Montreal to the place of his abode, but public opinion in Montreal is almost entirely controlled by enemies of the *Mail*, and its courts are apt to be very much influenced by popular demonstrations. DON.

Society.

Lent has already made itself felt in social circles, and the festivities of a none too gay winter have almost ceased in the fashionable world. Despite the figurative sackcloth and ashes I am glad to know there will always be something going, and I am afraid the modern fast days are not all spent in meek and lowly repentance, though the observance even outwardly of the Lenten season reminds us of the great events it is intended to commemorate.

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I have over a dozen communications this week, all of them interesting and desirable, but they are unaccompanied by the name of the writer, and consequently repose in the waste basket. When will all the friends of SATURDAY NIGHT learn that they need not expect anonymous letters to be published? By this time they should know that the name of the writer is never published, but that it is absolutely necessary for the purpose of identification should we desire to make inquiries as to the correctness of the information.

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An exceedingly interesting series of lectures has been arranged at Trinity College, in which Dr. Grasett, Dr. Macdonald, Dr. Baines, Dr. Sheard, Dr. O'Reilly, Dr. Ryerson and Dr. Temple will take part. They will be delivered on Mondays at three in the afternoon, beginning on Monday next. Tickets for the course $2, single lectures half a dollar, can be obtained from Mrs. Boddy at the College, Mrs. Broughall, St. Stephen's Rectory, Mrs. Bolton, Grange road, or from Messrs. Rowsell & Hutchinson. I would not have announced this series in the society columns were it not for the fact that Dr. Temple's lecture will be on "Society and Dress in their Relation to Physical Development." It would not be a bad idea for some of Toronto's society women to spend an hour of somber Lent listening to some good advice, as to how to take care *of* themselves physically.

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The report of the instrumental concert and dance given by C Company, Infantry School corps, at the New Fort Barracks, under the patronage of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Otter, last night, will be given next week.

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An exceedingly enjoyable entertainment was given on Thursday evening, February 28, at the residence of Mrs. Strachan, Hazelton avenue, in the shape of a sheet and pillow-case masquerade. Great taste and ingenuity was displayed in the varied style of draping the sheet costumes and the many patterns of head-dress. The entire absence of color lent a weird character to the scene and rendered recognition almost impossible until the hour to unmask had arrived. Among the invited guests were Dr. and Mrs. Sheard, Mr. and Mrs. W. Fahey, the Misses Strachan, Stanton, McFarlane, Fahey, Trotter, Mackenzie, Wylie, Annie Wylie, Green, Barber, Farquhar, Whiton, Armstrong, Polson, Kelly, and Messrs. Geo. Douglas, McCrae, Hooper, Percy Rutherford, Fred Fahey, Walter Donaldson, W. Meharg, Blackburn, R. Cooper, Leslie, Stanton, H. Green, Postlethwaite, Anderson, Stroud, McFarlane. Excellent music was provided by Mr. Monk of Heintzman & Co.

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Last Wednesday a large At Home was given by Miss Ireland, of Lowther avenue. Among those present were Mrs. R. Fairclough, Miss Heward, Miss Kingsmill, the Misses Thomson, the Misses Dick, Miss L. Wood, the Misses Maule, Miss Hattie Scott, the Misses Scott, Miss Macdonald, and Messrs. Mowat, Pope, Heward, Chisholm, Jones, Morton, Burritt, Schofield, Fairclough, Parsons and Cassells.

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A largely attended At Home took place last Saturday at Mrs. John Foy's residence on Bloor street. Among the guests noticed were: Mr. and Mrs. Barlow Cumberland, Mrs. Cumberland, Mrs. Buchanan, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. John Leys and Miss Leys, Miss Cooper of Port Hope, the Misses Fraser, the Misses Beatty, the Misses Dick, Mrs. James Foy, Miss Bunting, Mrs. Dennis, Mrs. Hugh Scott, Mrs. Reginald Northcot, Mrs. George Crawford, the Misses Rutherford, Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mrs. John Macdonald, the Misses Macdonald, Dr. and Mrs. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Young, Miss O'Neill, and Messrs. Stimson, Foy, Bruce Macdonald, Webster and Hart.

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Miss Sydney Tully received a few of her friends at her studio on Adelaide street east on Saturday afternoon. Lady Macdonald and Lady Thompson were present, having come up for the day from Ottawa. Mrs. Gordon Brown, Mrs. McMurrich and about ten or twelve more enjoyed the quiet half hour among the artist's pictures, as well as a most delicious cup of tea. It is to be hoped that Lent will not put an end to these pleasant afternoons, which are looked forward to by so many of Miss Sydney Tully's friends.

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Mrs. Isaac C. Gilmor's At Home was quite a success. The large house on Jarvis street was crowded between the hours of 4.30 and 7 p.m., guests coming and going all the time. Mrs. Gilmor, assisted by her charming daughters, received in the large drawing-room, and were very busy greeting their many friends. I cannot begin to name half the people who were there, but will give the names of a few whom I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. James Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fiskin of Deer Park, Mr. and Mrs. McMurrich, Mr. James Scott, Mrs. Aikins, the Misses Carty, Mrs. Hooper, Master Hooper, Mrs. Wm. Thorne, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mr. and Mrs. Ince, Miss Oates, Mrs. Walter Lee, Miss Lee, Mrs. Horace Thorne, Mrs. Chapman, Colonel Allen, Mr. Woodworth, Mr. Stalker, Miss Scott, Miss A. Barry, Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, Miss Laidlaw, Miss Sutherland, Miss McCausland, Mr. and Mrs. D. Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. G. Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. John Fiskin, Mr. and Miss Hirschfelder.

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Mrs. Winstanley of Wellington street had a small afternoon tea last Wednesday for young people. Among those present were Miss Blake, Miss Law of Montreal, Miss Baldwin, Miss De Mouliu, the Misses Ford, Jones and others. A very pleasant musical afternoon was enjoyed.

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Mr. Henry Beutler and Dr. A. J. Geikie left last Saturday for New York, where they intend spending two weeks.

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The usual weekly driving party led off by Mr. Gamble with his tandem looked very gay last Saturday as they drove out to Weston. The sleighing was not very good in the city, but improved as they got farther out. This will, no doubt, be the last time that will go out on runners and from the number—fourteen sleighs—which I counted, every one of the party seemed to be there to take advantage of the sleighing while it lasts.

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I did not see any of the Government House people at the Levy concert, though it was announced they would attend. The seats usually reserved by them were filled by strangers.

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Mr. Edin Heward left Thursday of last week for England, where he intends remaining a short time.

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A marriage occurred in Brockville lately connected with which there are some elements of romance. For obvious reasons the names are not given, but the bride was a Brockville girl and the groom from a western American city. The groom is a widower with a couple of children. Some months ago, while visiting friends at Ogdensburg, he expressed a desire to marry again. One of his female friends there with a turn for matchmaking, told him she was acquainted with a young lady in Brockville who would make him an excellent wife, and advised him to open a correspondence with her. This the widower did. It appears, however, that there were two young ladies of the same name in Brockville, and the letter was not delivered to the one for whom it was intended, but some how fell into the hands of the other one, who, believing it was for herself, answered it and a regular correspondence was opened. Although neither of the parties had ever seen the other, the man proposed marriage and was accepted. He then came to Brockville to make the personal acquaintance of his *fiancee*. He met her, and the date for the wedding was fixed. The soon-to-be groom then returned to Ogdensburg. There the lady who had interested herself in his behalf put him through a course of cross-examination as to his opinion of the young lady she had selected for him, and from the description learned that the one he had proposed to was not the person she advised him to take, but a total stranger to her, and like Ko-Ko, in the Mikado, exclaimed, "Here is a pretty kettle o' fish; here's a howdy-do." She explained that somehow things were mixed, and that the one he proposed to was not her friend but an entire stranger. The party then returned post haste to Brockville, made enquiries and learned that there were two young ladies in town of the same name. He then ascertained the residence of young lady No. 2 and called on her, explained the circumstances, made a proposal of marriage but was refused. And then he concluded to stick to No. 1, and the wedding in due course took place.

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Last Tuesday saw Isabella street present a very gay appearance with cabs in front of Mr. Richard Cassell's residence, on the occasion of his only daughter Isabel's marriage to Bertram C. Webber, Meteorological Service of Toronto, The Rev. G. M. Milligan officiated. A large number of guests were invited to the breakfast, after which Mr. and Mrs. Webber left for the States to enjoy their honeymoon.

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Miss A. Harold of Huron street gave an At Home to her young friends, which was largely attended and enjoyed by all who were there.

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Already have active preparations for the great Kermiss been begun in almost every part of the city, and each thinks that his or her particular part will be the best feature of the show, and assuredly there will be plenty of scope, as every clime and country will be represented. Mrs. Grantham is indefatigable in her exertions and is ably seconded by a numerous staff of young ladies, who are taking the formation of the different dances into their own hands and having their own particular friends to form the set. The tennis dance, which Miss Lena Smith is getting up, held its first practice at her house on Saturday evening last. I hear that the Gipsy dance, which is being arranged by Miss Bessie Jones and Miss Allie Heward, and to which none but their most intimate friends are to be admitted, will be most gorgeous in coloring and bewitching in its poetry of motion. The first rehearsal was held at Mrs. Clarkson Jones' on Saturday last.

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One of the most delightful and thoroughly enjoyable At Homes yet given was that of Mrs. Armstrong's, at her pretty villa in North Toronto, last Saturday afternoon, and as it was mostly given for her son's college friends, over twenty-five or thirty of them availed themselves of her hospitality and spent an afternoon and evening that will live long in their memories. Refreshments were served all the evening, and dancing was kept up without intermission until late. Noticeable among those present were Miss Zaidie Sutherland from Oakville, in a very becoming brown satin with coffee color lace; Miss Gale, in navy blue and cream surah silk; Miss Maud Kingsmill, who in a terra cotta surah silk looked a most charming Kate Greenaway, and did also Miss Edith Jarvis in a Nile green dress of the same style; Messrs. George Clayes, Boulton, Hewetson, Kingsmill, Reggie Geary, Langmuir, Hunter, Boultbee, Bormell, Greeman, Dickey, Moren, Willson, Smith, Sprout, Barr, Ferguson, Biggar, Fenton.

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Mrs. Henry Evans' party last Friday for her daughter was thoroughly enjoyed by the little ones. Miss Edith Evans made a charming little hostess, and dances very prettily.

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Miss Jessie Murray of Jarvis street gave afternoon tea to a number of her girl friends on Friday afternoon, March 1. Among those present were Miss Maud Gilmore (who sang two songs very prettily), Miss Adelaide Sullivan, Miss Connie Jarvis, Miss Addie Wadsworth, Miss Allie Bunting, Miss Louey Livingston, Miss Birdie Macdougall, Miss Maidie Kerr.

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Miss Eva Livingstone's At Home, which came off Friday, March 1, was in every respect a success, the music and floor being excellent.

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A very successful little concert was given last Tuesday at All Saints' schoolhouse. Rev. Mr. Baldwin said very prettily that if he had known he was going to have such nice music for a quarter, he should not have paid $1.50 for the concert at the Gardens. Mrs. Edgar Jarvis played some airs from Trovatore, her own arrangement. Miss Ethel Osler's song was very well rendered, as also was Miss May Franc's recitation of How Ruby Played. Mrs. Walter Stuart was very funny and danced the North West jig. The Three Little Maids from School were Miss Tootie Heward, Miss Edith Jarvis, Miss Francis. The little choir boy they call the Angel, sang beautifully and responded to an encore.

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Miss Nannie Hamilton of Rosedale is having an At Home this afternoon. Quite a number of invitations have been issued as her young friends are numerous.

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Mrs. Aylesworth chaperoned a merry sleighing party to West Toronto Junction last Monday, where they danced until a late hour, the only drawback being the very little snow.

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The city passenger agent of the Cunard Line has booked the following to sail to-day from New York via the steamship Aurania: Mr. Wm. A. and Mrs. Sims, Miss Laura Chewett, Miss Ethel Chewett, Mr. J. R. and Mrs. Bain, Miss Green, Miss Campbell, Mr. J. D. Smith, Mr. A. F. McTavish.

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Mr. and Mrs. George Lindsey returned home from their wedding tour on Monday. Their new home is at 17 Rusholme road where Mrs. Lindsey will receive next week.

The Young Toronto Lacrosse Club's At Home.

The Young Toronto Lacrosse Club were At Home to their friends on Monday evening and the event was one of note in the social world. The doughty lacrosse men showed that their prowess on the field is only eclipsed by their gallantry in the drawing-room. The patronesses were Mrs. E. F. Clarke, Mrs. R. B. Hamilton, Mrs. E. King Dodds, Mrs. D. A. Rose and Mrs. J. T. Thompson; the stewards, Messrs. Andrew Park, J. E. Bell, H. J. Taylor, E. Maguire, C. Elliott, P. McMichael, J. McGrath, Geo. Taylor, W. McCleary, G. Dunn, J. G. Langton and W. Park.

Space will not permit the publication of all the guests, but the following ladies and gentlemen formed a goodly part of those who enjoyed themselves at the Lacrosse Club's dance:

Mayor and Mrs. E. F. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Young, Mr. John Park, Miss Sullivan, Mr. C. Bedson, Miss C. Smith, Mr. S. Cunningham, Miss S. Thompson, Mr. A. Hurst, Miss Roberts, Miss C. Hurst, Mr. W. P. Chanter, Miss Mair, Mr. J. Tomlinson, Mrs. Tomlinson, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Park, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Powell, Mr. Mayerley, Capt. and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Smith, Miss Cooper, Mr. W. Curran, Miss Lucas, Mr. J. T. Parker, Mr. Jas. Peacock, the Misses Peacock, Mr. H. Wry, Miss Miller, Mr. C. F. Proudhomme, Miss McClennan, Miss Boyce, Mr. J. A. Flock of London, Mr. C. D. McKay, Miss McKay, Mr. Fred. Dunn, Miss L. Saunders, Mr. G. H. Lundy, Miss C. Palen, Mr. Jas. Austin, Mr. C. Rupert, Miss C. Mills, Mr. J. Whiteside, Miss K. Mills, Mr. A. Reardon, Miss G. Cameron, Miss Laura Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hoar, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Riches, Mr. W. S. Duroche, Miss Young, Mr. J. T. Mathews, Mr. F. C. Oxenham of Hamilton, Miss Powell, Mr. R. Dufresc, Miss King, Mr. F. Rose, Miss Tinning, Mr. G. A. Peaker, Miss Ritchie, Mr. T. R. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Park, Mr. H. Smith, Miss Stevenson, Mr. R. Duthie, Miss Wylie, Miss Donevan, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Rose, Mr. S. Pearsall, Mrs. Stevens, Miss Janes, Mr. and Mrs. C. Powell, Mr. Geo. McQuellan, Miss Gashercole, Mr. E. Davis, Miss Davis, Miss Campbell of Listowell, Mr. J. B. Griffith, Mr. L. G. Lucas, Mr. J. Hewitt, Miss Cureley, Mr. J. Applejath, Mr. W. McCausland, Miss Rogers, Mr. John Bremuir, Miss B. Hodgins, Mr. A. Hetherington, Mr. C. Farley, Mr. Geo. Johnston, Mr. A. Addison, Capt. F. F. Manley, Mr. W. R. Hamilton, Mr. Chapman, Mr. A. Parr, Mr. E. Alexander, Mr. Eastone, Mr. W. Walton, Mr. J. Bull, Mr. John Burns, Mr. J. D. Bailey, Mr. R. Penniston, Mr. J. A. Irwin, Mr. R. Gorrie, Mr. F. McCuaig, Mr. A. McKay, Mr. W. Wharin, Mr. H. Wharin, Mr. F. W. McFarlane, Mr. S. Burns, Mr. J. Kidner, Mr. T. Oakley, Mr. Ed. McCormack, Mr. W. Starke, Mr. W. McCleary, Mr. J. F. Brown, Mr. John Doran, Mr. H. J. Taylor, Mr. E. Maguire, Mr. C. Campbell, Mr. Bert Tenney, Mr. Montgomery, Miss Passmore, Miss Patterson, Miss Johnston, Miss McCuaig, Mrs. Robertson, the Misses Carlyle, Miss Ginn, Mrs. Anderson, Miss Lemon, Miss McClennan, Miss Courtney, Miss McGolpin, Miss McCuaig, Miss McKay, Miss Phillips, Miss M. Hunter, Miss Boyd, Miss Cheney, Miss Boyd, Miss McCullough, Miss B. Smith, Miss McGolpin, Miss E. Denn, Miss K. McCall, Mr. J. Riddell, Mr. H. B. Manley, Miss Manley.

Re-Union of Doric Lodge, A. F. & A. M.

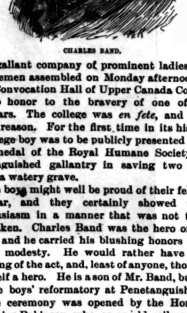
One of the most enjoyable events of the season took place at the Masonic Hall, in Toronto street, on Friday, March 1, being the annual re-union of Doric Lodge, A. F. & A. M., 316, G. R. C.; and as this lodge is celebrated for its entertainments, big things were expected, and it must be said that all expectations were more than fully realised. Their entertainment this year was quite different from what is usually given, and as it was so successful, we have no doubt will be copied by some of the other lodges.

Tables were set in the Blue Room, and about one hundred and seventy-five sat down to an excellent dinner, during which the band under the leadership of Bro. R. J. License, rendered some excellent music. The chair was taken by the Worshipful Master, R. F. Williams, and the vice-chairs were ably filled by Bro. W. McCartney, S. W.; Bro. E. J. Barton, J. W.; and Bro. Harry Leeson, Sec. Toasts were drunk in the usual Masonic manner, and speeches given by Bro. Rev. Dr. Wild, Chaplain; W. Bro. H. A. Collins and others, and songs were contributed by Miss Maud Carter, Miss Sutherland, Mr. R. J. Hall, Bro. Geo. Thorpe, Bro. G. S. Lyon, and a violin solo was rendered by Prof. Dunville, who was accompanied by Mrs. J. L. Nichols.

After the supper was ended the tables were cleared and dancing commenced.

Among the guests were noticed Mr. R. F. Williams and Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. McConkey, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sinclair, jr., Mr. G. Acheson and Miss Northey, Mr. and Mrs. Hynds, Mr. E. J. Barton and Miss Carter, Mr. R. J. Hall and Miss Sutherland, Mr. W. McCartney and Miss Pirie, Mr. G. S. Lyon and Miss B. Northey, Mr. A. S. Ardagh, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Downey, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Lawless, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Thorpe, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Rogers, Mr. J. Pirie, Miss Ada Pirie and Miss McKay of Pilot Mound, Mr. H. Leeson and Miss Leeson, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Sinclair, Mr. E. Medcalf and ladies, Mr. C. Tidy and ladies, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. J. Blizard, Mr. A. G. Malcom and Miss King, Mr. S. M. and Miss Foy, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Taylor Mr. and Mrs. T. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. E. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Glanville, Mr. and Mrs. J. Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Proctor, Mr. Griffith and Miss Walters, Mr. Horswell and Miss Walters, Mr. J. F. McCuaig, Mr. Jas. Summers, Mr. S. G. Saywell, Mr. T. H. Cooper, Mr. T. Hunter, Mr. F. Bryers, Mr. A. McDonald, and a number of others.

A Tribute to Bravery.



CHARLES BAND.

A gallant company of prominent ladies and gentlemen assembled on Monday afternoon in the Convocation Hall of Upper Canada College to do honor to the bravery of one of the scholars. The college was *en fete*, and with good reason. For the first time in its history a college boy was to be publicly presented with the medal of the Royal Humane Society for distinguished gallantry in saving two lives from a watery grave.

The boys might well be proud of their fellow-scholar, and they certainly showed their enthusiasm in a manner that was not to be mistaken. Charles Band was the hero of the hour, and he carried his blushing honors with great modesty. He would rather have said nothing of the act, and, least of anyone, thought himself a hero. He is a son of Mr. Band, bursar of the boys' reformatory at Penetanguishene.

The ceremony was opened by the Hon. J. Beverley Robinson, who, as an old college boy, said he was proud to congratulate and shake the hand of the happy recipient of the medal. He called upon the Rev. George Lloyd to relate the story of the deed, which was shortly as follows:

In August last Mr. Band's sister and an older lady were bathing in the bay of Penetanguishene. Unaware of the shelving nature of the bottom, they suddenly found themselves beyond their depth, and being unable to swim were in imminent danger of drowning. Charles Band, who was rowing some distance from them, perceived their condition, and jumping from his boat swam to their assistance. Though one of the ladies had sunk already once, he succeeded in seizing her by the hair and bringing her to the surface, where he supported the two for some minutes at great danger to himself. Happily, a boat soon reached the spot and took them safely to the land. The bravery of this deed drew from the Royal Humane Society, ever willing to reward heroism, the expression of their appreciation, and the medal was pinned amid tremendous applause to the hero's breast by the Bishop of Toronto.

The Minister of Education then spoke briefly, followed by Col. Denison, who was loudly applauded when he appealed to the patriotic sentiments of the boys. Many old Upper Canada College boys were present, and listened with interest to Dr. Larratt Smith, who named the most famous amongst those who had gone into the world from the college.

Personal.

* * *

Mrs. T. H. Kelsey arrived home from St. Thomas last week.

* * *

Mr. Henry A. Taylor of the Rossin House Block has just returned from New York and Philadelphia.

* * *

Mrs. James Blackey and Mr. James Blackey, jr., of 30 Cecil street, left for an extended tour in the Old Country on Monday last.

* * *

Mrs. C. E. Maddison of St. George street gave a dance on Friday evening in honor of Miss White of Woodstock, which was one of the most enjoyable dances of the season.

* * *

The Just for Fun Club held their fifth At Home of the season in Shaftesbury Hall parlor Tuesday evening, March 5. The committee of management consisted of Messrs. T. Wright, president, J. W. Hunter, secretary, J. Bowrey, A. Robertson, W. Allan, T. Hewson, W. Christie; ladies on reception committee, Miss A. Hodgson, Miss C. Mundy, Miss M. Jeffrey. Dancing was kept up until the small hours. An excellent collation was served shortly after midnight.

* * *

On Thursday last, Mr. Joseph Pape died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Fogarty of Pape avenue, at the advanced age of seventy-eight years. He was one of the first florists who ever opened business in Toronto, and his son, Mr. James Pape, still carries on the business established by his father. Pape avenue was a bridle path when deceased first located there over forty years ago, and he will be very sincerely regretted by the old citizens, especially by those east of the Don, where he was one of the leading pioneers who led to the great development of that portion of the city. He was a life long Conservative and leaves three sons and one daughter, all of whom live on the East Side. The funeral will take place this morning at nine o'clock to St. Michael's Cemetery.

* * *

The Granite curlers' dinner on Friday evening, March 1, was a jolly affair. President John Headley occupied the chair, and was supported by Messrs. T. McKeown, E. E. Hargreaves, R. Jaffray, Dr. Carlyle, A. A. Allan, T. O. Anderson, J. Hodson Webster, C. C. Dalton, J. Bruce, W. Badenach, W. Snelling, A. B. Lee, T. H. Lee, W. F. Donaldson, Wilton Morse, T. H. McMurty of Bowmanville, J. Haines, J. C. Lauder, J. Boomer, A. T. Johnston, T. H. Williamson, Dr. Wright, J Fletcher, S. C. Kanady, Harry Brown, Jas. Cook, C. Badenach, James Laidlaw, J. T. Hornibrook, Capt. Gibbs, McKenzie, Dr. Cassar, W. Creelman, W. McHarrie, Joseph Foster, Dick Cooper, Todhunter, Burgess and many others. The hours of evening were whiled away with songs, speeches and stories.

* * *

The Railway Conductors' ball, which took place Friday, March 1, in Shaftesbury Hall, was one of the most enjoyable ever held by the brotherhood. Great credit reflects upon Mr. Frank Smith for the excellent manner in which the hall was decorated, aided by the magnificent display of locomotive head and signal lights which were distributed about the room. Refreshments were served in the dining car about 12 o'clock by Steward Harry Webb. Dancing was kept up till the early hours of the morning. The music furnished by Marciano, aided by the Toronto Opera House orchestra, was excellent. The committee of arrangements consisted of Messrs. Chas. Stuart, R. A. Purdon, M. Corcoran, D. J. Rogers, D. Dewitt, C. Mitchell, G. Gallacher; reception committee, Messrs. J. H. Hall, W. Hassard, W. J. Gray, B. A. Waterhouse, D. McMillan, C. Storey, Jas. Mitchell, W. Williams, A. Matthews, Arch. Smith; floor managers, John Morrison, P. McMahon, M. Corcoran; master of ceremonies; W. J. W. Hassard; Jas. J. Carter, chairman; Mr. Ed. Williams, secretary.

* * *

The annual mess dinner of the Q. O. R. sergeants on March 1 was a most enjoyable event. Sergeant-Major Crean occupied the chair. The following officers were present: Major Delamere, Q. O. R.; Capt. McDougall, C School of Infantry; Lieut.-Col. Gray, Brigade Major; Lieut.-Col. Miller, late Col. Q. O. R.; Capt. Baldwin, G. G. Body Guards; Major Mead, Toronto Field Battery; S.-M. Cox, Royal Grenadiers; S.-M. Grainger, G. G. Body Guard; Lieut. Nattress, Dr. Leslie, Q. O. R.; Lieut. Knifton, Q. O. R.; Lieut. R. McKinley, Q. O. R.; Capt. Macdonald, Q. O. R.; Mr. J. Drynan, Mr. World, Capt. McGee, Q. O. R.; Lieut. Lee, Q. O. R.; Lieut. Wyatt, Q. O. R.; Capt. Mutton, Q. O. R.; Capt. Bennett, Q. O. R.; Capt. Murray, Q. O. R.; Capt. Cassels, Q. O. R.; Capt. Sankey, Q. O. R.; S.-M. Woodman, Toronto Field Battery; Lieut. Humphrey Irving; Chaplain W. Lloyd, Q. O. R. The usual toasts were drunk and responded to. The chief speakers were Col. Gray and Major Delamere, the latter of whom spoke for over an hour and was loudly applauded.

The Hamilton *Spectator* of 23rd ulto. in a descriptive article announces the establishment in that city of a branch of the celebrated Berlitz school of languages, the Toronto branch of which is located at 81 King street east.

New Dance Music

YEOMEN of the GUARD Waltz P. Buckland . . . 60c

YEOMEN of the GUARD Lancers P. Buckland . . . 60c

SUMMER NIGHT in MUNICH Waltz A. Cellier 60c

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High Grade Non-Magnetic Swiss American WATCHES

Gold and Silver—Wholesale and Retail

An Unprogressive Writer.

Bret Harte is one of the writers who may be said to have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. In his works of to-day we perceive the same vivid phrasing, sudden and piercing as a spear thrust, the same rollicking humor, the same dramatic vigor, the same descriptive gift, that, many yesterdays ago, made the public stand still to hearken, convinced that a new voice had spoken. If there is any difference, at present, it is in those who listen: the voice has not grown shrill or raucous with time; but it has gained no higher notes, and neither has it mellowed or deepened, or added one semi-note to its compass.

It was natural that he should speedily arrest attention upon his entrance into literature. There was something large and free and robust in his style, that spoke of the open, and came, like a strong gale from the Western plains, to sweep away much that was trivial and narrow and *banal*. In the chronicle of that wild life of the old gold digging days in California there is not a little to shock fastidious sensibilities. Pistol shots and oaths resound in the raw, new towns that have all the helter-skelter air of temporary abiding places; as you walk you are liable to stumble over the sodden form of a drunkard sprawling across the sidewalk; manslaughter is but a trifling episode; the marriage tie is knotted and cut with marvelous facility; the perspective is darkened with the flying figures of fugitives flying from justice. Vice and virtue take rude shapes, and their historian calls a spade a spade, without circumlocution of phrase.

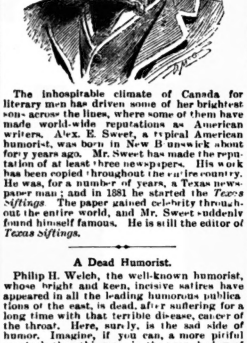
Bret Harte can be most justly judged by his briefer essays in fiction; for his staying power has never seemed sufficient to carry a novel triumphantly through all its successive stages to the end. His range in character-drawing is somewhat restricted. In fact, he has set forth but three feminine types. One of these is the woman who, beneath a Puritanical deportment, hides the in-tincts of a Messalina;—as though a volcano should make its core of fire under shrouding snows. To this class, often repeated, belongs Elsie Decker, the feline heroine of A Passage in the Life of Mr. John Oakhurst; and the author's description of her is eminently characteristic: "Those charming dimples were misplaced for true beauty, and too fixed in their quality for honest mirthfulness; the delicate lines around those aquiline nostrils were cruel and selfish . . . and her sympathetic color came and went more with her own spirits than with yours." Then, there is the woman—young and beautiful, or sometimes even physically unlovely—whose life has been rough and lawless, whose speech is rough and untutored, redeemed by an inextinguishable spark of nobility. Miggles, the robust western beauty, supports and cherishes the ruined man—a mental and physical wreck—who, as she frankly expresses it, "spent a heap of money" on her in the days of his prosperity. Homely Peggy Moffat, the Heiress of Red Dog, toils and slaves, goes poorly clad and ill-fed, and allows herself to be called a miser, that she may hoard money for the handsome, graceless scamp she loves. A lighter and more agreeable type is the honest, wholesome country girl, fearless and sweet natured; making nice customs bend to her innocence of conventionalities as effectually as they are said to courtesy to great kings. Very pretty is the picture of the Rose of Tuolumne, bearing, as she brushes out the masses of her silky, yellow hair, a faint resemblance to a partly husked ear of Indian corn. But this pink and white youthfulness covers an iron will and muscles of steel, and she does not flinch before the sharpest of peril.

The masculine characters are more varied, and yet the same limitation of conception may be discerned throughout. Blundering, unsuspicious Decker; Hawkins, the Fool of Five Forks; the immortal Col. Starbottle; Yuba Bill, the stage driver; Jack Hamlin, the imperturbable gambler; John Oakhurst, that equally impassive "calculator of chances"—between all of them a family resemblance is traceable. Savage and pitiless as wolves when their passions are stirred, these men yield a rude yet sincere homage to innocent womanhood, feeble old age, and the appealing helplessness of childhood. The humorous side of actualities reveals itself to this writer. There is something irresistibly comical in the description of "the Pet" mechanically posing, in a footlight attitude, with only the face of nature to regard her; and the reader cannot soon forget Mr. McClosky, whose idea of the proper way to entertain a poet was simple, if not efficacious: "I set the whisky afore him in the parlor. I wound up the music-box and set it a goin'. Then I sets to him, sociable-like and free, 'Just consider yourself in your own house, and repeat what you allow to be your finest production.'" Indeed, like Dickens, by whom he has been strongly influenced, the rich quality of Bret Harte's humor makes it preferable to a pathos sometimes theatrical and overstrained.

As a writer, Bret Harte's good points are many and obvious. He reclaimed, for literature, the wild lands of the west, and was the first to take seizin, effectually, of the gold-bearing soil of California. He it was who discovered the Chinaman in America—astute, sphinx like, preternaturally unsmiling, with his frequent excursions into "the Valley of the Shadow of the Drug." He is the rightful father of the breezy western heroine who has since been eagerly adopted by so many fiction writers. His faults, unfortunately, are not fewer or less patent than his merits. It cannot be said that he is pharisaical, or disposed to cast stones at the sinful ones. On the contrary he is inclined to thrust the sinner forward as a proper object for our admiration and caresses, and to cast the suspicion of hypocrisy upon the outwardly well-behaved. He does not always discern the dividing line between tolerance and license—between honest feeling and false sentiment. At times there is a jarring note of unreality, something tawdry and meretricious; and we feel that his ideal of life is not a high one. His standpoint seems to be that an evil career, atoned for and ended by some splendid piece of bravery or self-sacrifice, is far more praiseworthy than an existence of patient duty faithfully performed. When he enters the province of polite society, he is apt to blunder sadly, and often, through the texture of some feminine nature that he has striven to render fine and subtle, runs an ineffaceable stain of vulgarity.

At the outset of his literary course, any height seemed within his reach; but whether through indolence, or carelessness, or some inherent mental lack, this promise has remained unrealized. Yet, if he has not progressed, perhaps we should be grateful that he has not retrograded.

Alex. E. Sweet.



The inhospitable climate of Canada for literary men has driven some of her brightest sons across the lines, where some of them have made world-wide reputations as American writers. Alex. E. Sweet, a typical American humorist, was born in New Brunswick about forty years ago. Mr. Sweet has made the reputation of at least three newspapers. His work has been copied throughout the entire country. He was, for a number of years, a Texas newspaper man; and in 1881 he started the *Texas Siftings*. The paper gained celebrity through out the entire world, and Mr. Sweet suddenly found himself famous. He is still the editor of *Texas Siftings*.

A Dead Humorist.

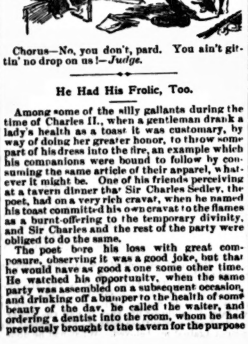
Philip H. Welch, the well-known humorist, whose bright and keen, incisive satires have appeared in all the leading humorous publications of the east, is dead, after suffering for a long time with that terrible disease, cancer of the throat. Here, surely, is the sad side of humor. Imagine, if you can, a more pitiful spectacle than this man, in the very shadow of death, making fun for thousands who read on the printed pages his jokes, while they never thought of the author who, weak and emaciated, lay on a couch at his home, and, despite his sufferings, dictated them to his wife in almost inconsistent whispers.

Something like a year ago Welch came from a surgeon's operating table with a batch of jokes, all ready for publication. Another instance of his grit. Since then he has been better at times, but never for one moment has he had the slightest encouragement to hope for permanent recovery. Through it all, however, he has never lost his ability to make jokes and to furnish the leading weeklies in New York with the ideas that brought him his bread and butter.

Welch's career has been brief but brilliant. Some three years ago his work first began to attract attention; since that time he has become a favorite with the humor reading public, and his work has brought him in a good income. It is said, however, that he went to New York almost penniless and had a hard, bitter struggle before he finally obtained recognition. It is unspeakably sad that one who has worked hard and fairly won his honors should not be permitted to longer wear them.—*Arkansas Traveller.*

Education in Nebraska.

Teacher (from the East)—Now, children, all of you who intend to behave and be good—hand up!



Chorus—*No, you don't, pard. You ain't gittin' no drop on us!—Judge.*

He Had His Frolic, Too.

Among some of the silly gallants during the time of Charles II., when a gentleman drank a lady's health as a toast it was customary, by way of doing her greater honor, to throw some part of his dress into the fire, an example which his companions were bound to follow by consuming the same article of their apparel, whatever it might be. One of his friends perceiving at a tavern dinner that Sir Charles Sedley, the poet, had on a very rich cravat, when he named his toast committed his cravat to the flames as a burnt-offering to the temporary divinity, and Sir Charles and the rest of the party were obliged to do the same.

The poet bore his loss with great composure, observing it was a good joke, but that he would have as good a one some other time. He watched his opportunity, when the same party was assembled on a subsequent occasion, and drinking off a bumper to the health of some beauty of the day, he called the waiter, and ordering a dentist into the room, whom he had previously brought to the tavern for the purpose made him draw a decayed tooth which had plagued him for a long time.

The rules of good fellowship, as then in force, clearly required that every one of the company should have a tooth drawn also, but Tony very naturally expressed a hope that Sedley would not be so unmerciful as to enforce the law. Deaf, however, to all their remonstrances, persuasions and entreaties, he saw them one after another put themselves into the hands of the operator, and whilst writhing with pain, added to their torment by exclaiming: "Patience, gentlemen, patience; you know I promised that I would have my frolic too."

A Bride of Five Days

A young and pretty bride from New Orleans was invited to a dinner party on Commonwealth avenue, Boston, the evening of the night, the understanding being that the festive event was in her especial honor. Nevertheless, upon arriving with her husband, she was surprised to find herself shoved, with him, off into a corner without being presented to any one, and permitted to remain—after a brief word with the hostess—unnoticed and alone. When the butler did finally enter to announce that the repast was ready the host offered her his arm, but at the table no attention was paid to her, save by an old dowager at the further end of the board, who seemed to be astonishingly deaf.

"My dear," shouted the old lady, as the soup succeeded the oysters, "pray tell me how long you have been married."

"Only a very few days," replied the guest of honor, also loudly, so that she might be heard.

Evidently, however, the old lady did not hear, for, when the fish was being brought on, she cried out again: "My dear, have you been married very long?"

"Not yet a week, madam," responded the bride, louder still this time.

"Oh!" said the dowager, as if relieved, and thereupon relapsed into silence. But the removal of the roast woke her up again.

"My dear" she remarked, "I did not understand how long you said you had been married."

"Exactly five days," screamed the young matron, flushing half with embarrassment, half with anger.

"Ah, yes," rejoined the old woman, having apparently heard this time. "And, my dear, how many children did you say you had so far?"

The above is a literal fact.

He Found a Loophole.

An amusing anecdote was related at a recent literary gathering, and as it has not yet found its way into print I will venture to reproduce it. A certain well known man of letters received from a friend with much ambition, but small literary talent, a volume of portentous length, which he was requested to read and criticise for its author's benefit. For a moment the recipient of the ponderous tome was staggered by the weight of the burden laid upon him; then a happy inspiration seized him, and snatching up his pen, he addressed to his tormenter the following note: "Dear —, I have received your book, and shall lose no time in reading it!"

In Need Of Friendly Advice.

"Darringer I have come to ask you to do me a great favor."

"What is it, young man?"

"You've been married a good many years, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"And three times, if I mistake not."

"Yes."

"Well, I am on the point of marrying, and I want you to dissuade me from my purpose."

The Cheapest Books Yet Published.

J. Theo. Robinson has recently published some of the cheapest books offered to readers in this or any other country. His edition of "John Ward, Preacher," sold in England at 6s, and in the United States at $1.50, sells here at 25 cents; "John Bidewin's Testimony," one of the brightest stories of recent years, is issued at 35 cents; "The Battle of the Swash and Capture of Canada," and under the same cover Dr G. W. Beers's celebrated speech "Professional Annexation," is sold at 25 cents, the American edition being just double that price. To day is placed on the market "Mr. & Mrs. Morton, (292 pages) a novel which caused endless discussion in the United States, and speedily ran through five editions. This is to be sold at 50 cents, the American edition having been held at 50 cents. These books are a marvel of cheapness, are well printed on good paper and have attractive covers. All newsdealers have them on sale.

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

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Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three," etc.

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CHAPTER VIII.

"Poor girl! put on thy stifling widow's weed,
And weep at once from Hop 'n scented hands;
To-day thou wilt not se- hiss, nor to-morrow,
And the next day will be a day of sorrow."

Life falls back into old grooves after calamities the most stupendous. After fires—after plagues—after earthquakes—people breakfast and dine, marry and are given in marriage. Few more graves testify to the fever that has decimated a city; a ruined village here and there along the smiling southern shores bears that were once houses, churches beneath whose shivered domes no worshipper dare ever kneel again, bear witness to the earthquake; but the monotonous common place of life goes on all the same in city and village, on hill and sea shore. And so when Godfrey Carmichael was laid in his grave, when the police had exhausted their ingenuity in the vain endeavor to fathom the secret of his death—when the coroner had adjourned and again adjourned his inquiry and the open verdict had been pronounced, life in Cheriton House resumed its old order, and the room in which the bridegroom had lain murdered at the feet of the bride was again thrown open to the sun and air, and to the sound of voices, and to the going and coming of daily life.

Lady Cheriton would have had the room closed; for a year at least, she pleaded; but her husband told her that to make it a sealed chamber now would be to throw it out of use for his lifetime.

"If we once let servants and people think and talk of it as a haunted room, nobody will ever like to occupy it again so long as this house stands," he said. "Stories will be invented—those things shape themselves out of nothingness in the human mind—sounds will be heard, and the whole house will become uninhabitable. We both love our house, Maria. Our own hands have made it after our own hearts. It would be folly to put a brand upon it, and to say henceforward it shall be accursed to us. God knows I am sorry for poor Godfrey, sorry for my own loss; but I look to you to help me in keeping our home bright and pleasant for our declining days."

It was the habit of her life to love and obey, and to please him in all things; so she answered gently:

"Of course, dear James, it shall be as you wish. I feel sure you are right. It would be wicked to shut up that lovely room—with a faint shudder; "but I shall be glad to go near the west window without thinking of—our dear boy. And I'm afraid Juanita will never be able to endure the room."

"Perhaps not. We can use the other rooms when she is here. She has her own house now; and I daresay it will be some time yet before she will care to cross this threshold. The house must seem fatal to her. It was her own whim that brought him here. I'm afraid recollection will torture her, poor child."

It was finally decided therefore that the drawing-room should be used nightly, as it had been in all the peaceful years that were gone. The lamps with their gay shades of rose or amber made spots of colored light amidst tables heaped with flowers. All the decorations, that the hothouses or the gardens could produce were brought as of old, like offerings to a pagan shrine. The usual evening papers upon the tables were set out in the old orderly disorder—porcelain and enamel bon-bon boxes on one table—antique watches and gold and silver snuff-boxes on another—Japanese bric-a-bracs, coins, medals, flagree scent bottles upon a third, and a background of flowers everywhere. The piano was opened, and the candles lighted ready for her ladyship, who sang Spanish ballads delightfully even yet, and was in the habit of singing to her husband of an evening whenever they were alone.

They were generally alone now, not being able to receive visitors from the outside world at such a time. The visits of the neighbourhood at Cheriton now and then, and Mathew Dalbrook spent a night there occasionally, and talked over business matters and the future development of a tract of land at Swanage, which formed a portion of the original Strangway estate.

The widow had taken possession of her new home, the home which they two were to have lived in for half a century in loving union. They had joked about their golden weddings as they sat at lunch on the lawn that day; had laughed at the thought of how they would look in white hair and wrinkles, and then had sighed at the thought of how those they loved now would be gone before that day came, and how the friends, the casual acquaintances of the passing years elevated to friendship for the lack of those earlier, nearer, dearer friends whom death had taken.

They had talked of their silver wedding, which seemed a happier idea; for dear Lady Jane and Juanita's mother and Godfrey might all live to see that day. They would be old, of course, older by five and twenty years; but not too old to be happy and believe in the young wife and husband pictured the lawn on which they were sitting crowded with friends and tenants and villagers and children; and planned the feasting and the sports, which should have a touch of originality, something out of the beaten track, which something was not easy to devise.

And now she and Lady Jane were sitting in the same spot, in the sultry August evening, two desolate women; the tawny giant at their feet, his dog, the mastiff, Styx, looking up at them now and then with great serious eyes, as if asking what had become of his master.

Juanita was strangely altered since the days of her honeymoon. Her face had grown thin and hollow, and the large dark eyes looked larger, and gave a haggard expression to the pallid face; but she was bearing her sorrow bravely for Lady Jane's sake, as Lady Jane had done for her sake, in the beginning of things. That gentle lady had broken down after the funeral, and Juanita had been constrained to forget her own agony for a brief space in trying to comfort the bereaved mother, and in the two acted and re-acted upon each other, and it was well for them to be together.

They had settled down in the old house before they had been there a week. Lady Jane put off her return to Swanage indefinitely. She could drive over now and then to supervise the gardening, and she would stay at the Priory as long as Juanita wanted her.

"That would be always," said Juanita.

"Ah, my love, that would not do. I don't forget all that has been written about mothers-in-law. There must be some truth in it."

"Oh, but you forget. That is when there is a son and husband to quarrel about," said Juanita, with a sudden sob. "We have no cause for jealousy. We have only our dead."

Lady Jane wanted to establish her daughter-in-law in that cheerful sitting room which had been her own, but here Juanita opposed her.

"I am not going to have it now," she said, resolutely. "It shall be your room always. No one else shall use it. I am going to have the room for my den."

"My dearest, it is the dullest room in the house."

"It was his room, and I like it better than any other in the world."

She arranged all her own books and possessions in the large room looking into the stable yard, which had been Sir Godfrey's study from the time he went to Eton. She found all his Eton books on a lower shelf of one of the bookcases, and she sat on the floor for an hour dusting grammars and dictionary, first Greek Reader, Latin Gradus, and all the rest of them. She found his college books, with the college arms upon them on another shelf. She would have nothing disturbed or altered, and she was supremely indifferent to the question of incongruity. Her own book-cases, in her bedroom, the dainty toy book-cases of inlaid satin wood, were squeezed into the recesses on each side of the fireplace. Her photographs of mother, father, friends, horses and dogs were crowded upon the carved oak mantelpiece, above the quaint little cupboards with carved doors, spoil of old Belgian cabinets—still full of cheesy signs, the young man's stores. Hunpsrs and hunting crops, canes and boxing-gloves, decora ed the panel between the two windows. Upon a patch box still stood upon the library table, and the dog Styx pushed the door open whenever it was left ajar, and strolled into the room as by old established right.

She felt herself nearer him here than anywhere else, nearer even than in the Churchyard, perhaps, where she had strewed her sepulchre with fresh flowers for his grave. They had not laid him in the family vault, but among the graves of gentleman and peasant under the sunny turf—close to the earth. The marble was not yet carven which was to mark out his grave from amidst those humbler resting places.

Theodore had not seen his cousin since the day of the funeral. His father and his two sisters had called upon her at the Priory, and had expressed a proper amount of the quiet dignity with which she bore herself in her melancholy position.

"I did not think she had so much solid sense," said Caroline, and then she and Sophia talked about the Priory as a dwelling-house, and of its inferiority to Cheriton, and speculated upon the amount of their cousin's income.

"She has a splendid position. She will be a fine catch for someone by-and-bye," said Harrington. "I wonder if she'll go and throw herself away upon an adventurer."

"I hope not," said his father, "for I suppose she will marry again! That seems inevitable."

"I don't see that it is inevitable," replied Theodore, angrily. "She was devotedly attached to her husband. I suppose there is now and then a woman who can remain faithful to a first love."

"When the first love is alive, and not always then," put in Sophia Bowsby. "Of course she will marry again. If she wanted to remain single people would not let her, with her income."

Theodore got up and walked to the window. His sister's talk often set his teeth on edge, but rarely so much as it did to-day.

"You talk of her as if she were the most shallow-brained of women," he exclaimed, with his back to the family group, looking out with disgust upon the old-fashioned street, the narrow circumscribed view which he had hated of late with a deadly hatred.

"I don't think she is very deep," answered Sophia. "She never could appreciate Darwin. She told me once that she wondered what I could find to interest me in earth-worms."

"A worm myself, indeed, be shallow who feels no interest in that thrilling book," sneered Theodore.

"Upon my word, now," said his father, "the book interested me, though I'm not a scientific man. And I never see a worm wriggling off the gardener's spade without feeling that it ought to be grateful to him as a powerful ally of the landed aristocracy. Perhaps," continued Mr. Dalbrook musingly, "my own practice in conveyancing has rather inclined me to a substantial character to earth-worms. If it were not for them there might be no land to convey."

The conversation drifted lightly away from Juanita and her sorrow, but her image still filled Theodore's mind, and he left the drawing-room and the frivolous talk the clinking of teacups and teaspoons, and went out in the declining light to walk in the avenue of limes on the west side of the house.

He had not called upon his cousin in her new home; he shrank from the very idea of meeting her within her sacred home of love. Her thoughts and feelings were concentrated upon that one subject, while he could only be to her as an unwelcome intruder from that outside world she loathed, as grief loathes all but its own sad memories.

Had the calamity which had desolated her life brought her any nearer to him who had loved her so long and so unselfishly? Alas, no, he told himself that if she ever again it would be to her lost husband that her yearning heart would open rather than to the rejected lover of the past, the man whom her memory would compare with her husband she had lost, and whom she would compare disadvantageously with that chosen one.

No, he told himself, there was little more chance for him in the future than there had been in the past. She liked him and trusted him with a a sterly affection, which nothing short of a miracle would warm into love. Passion does not grow out of such placid beginnings.

In her very dawn of girlhood she had been in love with Godfrey; had blushed at his coming; had quarrelled with him, and wept stormy tears; had suffered all those alternations of joy and pain which the heart experiences in the company love in an impassioned nature. Theodore remembered her treatment of the fifth-form Etonian, and remembered and remembered the passionate drama perpetually being acted in those two young lives, a drama which he had watched with aching heart; and he felt that he could never be that first love he had been. He was associated with the commonplace of her life. She had laughed often at his dry-as-dust ways, at his learnedness—the dull discussions about leases and bills of dilapidation. A solicitor living from year's end to year's end in a country town—what a dreary prospect he must seem appear beside the brilliant young Oxonian, full of the gladness of the life that knows neither labor nor care. He sickened at the thought of that contrast.

He had served his father faithfully hitherto, and the bond between father and son had been strengthened by a common sorrow. For the last year there had been growing upon him an inexpressible weariness of the house in which he was born, and the city in which he had lived the chief part of his uneventful life. He had struggled against this disgust of familiar things, telling himself that it was an unworthy feeling to have for the home in which if he indulged it. Yet the disgust grew into absolute loathing; the monotonous days, the repetitious work, grew to be a perpetual nightmare. Since Juanita's marriage, that burden had become more and more intolerable. To be so near her, yet so far. To be letting life creep away in dull drudgery which could never bring him nearer her social level; to feel that all his pursuits and associations were beneath the notice of the woman he loved, and to have the faintest interest in her mind. This was almost too bitter to be borne, and he had for some time past been meditating some way of escape, some manner of release from these old fetters into the wider arena of the outer world.

Such escape was not easy. He had to think of his father, that indulgent, large-minded father who had given his son a very remunerative share in his practice at an age when most young men are dependent for every suit of clothes or five-pound note upon parental bounty and parental caprice. He knew that his father looked to him for an entire release from work before they were many years older; and that he would then find himself sole master of a business worth at least fifteen hundred a year. All this had come to him and would come to him easily, as the freely given reward of conscientious and intelligent work. It was a prospect which few young men would forego without considerable hesitation; but Theodore hardly thought of the substantial advantages which was so eager to sacrifice. His sole hesitation was on account of the disappointment which the step he contemplated would inflict upon his father.

He was not without a foreshadowing of a plan by which that disappointment might be in some measure lessened. He had kept an intimate his brother for some time past, and he had discovered that the young man's fervor for the Anglican Church had begun to cool perceptibly, and that the zeal of waverings in the gifted youth. At one time he devoted all his study to the writings of Cardinal Newman, Hurrel Froude, and the Tractarian Party—he lived in the atmosphere of Oxford in the forties; he talked of Cardinal Manning as the head and front of religious thought. He was on the verge of deciding for the Old Faith. Then a sudden change came over the spirit of his dream He began to have doubts, not of the reformed faith, but of every Western creed.

"Light comes from the East," he told his sisters with an oracular air. "I doubtful there is any nearer resting place for the sole of my foot than the Temple of Buddha. I find there the larger creed for which my mind yearns—boundless and unfettered and before me. I begin to entertain painful doubts of my fitness for the Anglican Church. I might be a power, perhaps, if I lived outside those narrow bounds—like Voysey, or Stopford Brooke. The Church, with its present limitations, would not hold me."

The sisters sympathised, argued, quoted essays and reviews, and talked of Darwin and Spencer, Huxley and Comte. Theodore listened and said nothing. He was in the mood to see it was drifting, and rejoiced in the change of the current.

And now this sultry August afternoon, pacing up and down the green walk, he was expectant of an opportunity of discussing his brother's future with that gentleman himself, as Harrington was in the habit of taking his afternoon constitutional, book in hand, upon this very path.

He sauntered by-and by, carrying an open volume of Max Muller and looking at the nursemaids and perambulators.

"What, Tom, taking your meditative cigar? You don't often give yourself a holiday before dinner."

"No, but I wanted to talk to you alone, and I knew this was your beat."

"Nothing gone wrong, I hope."

"No, it is your future I want to discuss—if you don't mind."

"My future is wrapped in a cloud of doubt," replied the younger man, dreamily. "Were I the Church Differently constituted—were my minds that rule in it of a larger cast, a wider grasp, a—"

"Harrington, how would you like the law as a profession?" Theodore asked abruptly, when the other began to hesitate.

"My dear fellow, it is all very well to ask me what I would like, when you know I'm no earner for me in my father's office," retorted Harrington, with a contemptuous wave of that long, lean hand which always reminded him of St. Francis de Sales or Savanorola; not that he had any positive knowledge of what those saintly hands were like.

"Your bridge, will be made for you," said Theodore.

"I should not care to accept a subordinate position—not Cesar—"

"So far as the Cesar-ship of a provincial solicitor's office can go the whole empire may be yours by-and-by. If you like—indeed, you put your shoulder to the wheel and pass your examinations."

"Do you mean to say that you would throw up your position—and an income which would allow of your marrying to-morrow, if you chose—to make room for me."

"If I can get my father's consent, yes, decidedly."

"And how do you propose to exist without a profession?"

"I don't propose anything of the kind. I mean to go to the Bar.

"Oh, I begin to understand. A solicitor's office is not good enough for you?"

"I don't say that; but I have taken a disgust—an unreasonable disgust, no doubt—to that branch of the law; and I am very sick of Dorchester."

"So am I," retorted Harrington, gazing vaguely at a pretty nursemaid. "We are agreed there, at any rate. And you want to follow in Lord Cheriton's track, and make a great name?"

"It is only one man in a thousand who succeeds as James Dalbrook has succeeded; but if I go to the Bar you may be sure I shall do my best to get on; and I shall start with a pretty good knowledge of common law."

"You want to be in London—you are pining for an aesthetic centre, I sighed Harrington.

"I don't quite know what that is, but I should prefer London to Dorchester."

"So should I—and you want me to take your place at the mill: to grind into my soul in the dull round that has sickened you.

"The life has begun to pall upon me, but I think it ought to suit you," answered Theodore thoughtfully. "You are fonder of home—and of the sisters—than I am. You get on better with them."

"You have been rather grumpy lately, I admit," said Harrington.

"And you have let yourself cool upon your Divinity exam. You evidently don't mean the Church?"

"I have outgrown the Church. You can't put a quart of water into a pint pot."

"And you must do something. I don't think you can do anything so good as to take my place, and become my father's right hand until he chooses to retire, and leave you the practice. You will have married by that time, perhaps, and will have sobered down—intellectually. Morally you are one of the steadiest fellows I know."

"I suppose I ought to consider this what the Scriptures call an unusual opportunity!" said Harrington; "but you must give me time to think it over."

"Take time," answered Theodore briefly, "and I'll talk to my father in the meantime."

Mr. Dalbrook received his elder son's communication as if it had been a blow from an enemy's hand.

"Do you suppose that ass, Harrington, can ever take your place," he exclaim-d, whereupon Theodore took pains to explain that his brother was by no means an ass, and that he was only laboring under that burden of small affectations which wedden down a young man who has been allowed to live too much in the society of young women, sisters and sisters' friends, and to consider all his own utterances oracular.

"He is not so fit for the profession as you," said Theodore, "and he will only addle his brains if he reads any more theology. He won't be content with Paley and Butler, and the good old books which have been the turnpike road to ordination for a century. He is all for new ideas, and the new ideas are too big for him. But if you will let him have his articles, and teach him as you taught me—"

"I don't think I taught you much. You seemed to get at everything by intuition."

"Ah, you taught me my profession without knowing it; and you will teach Harrington with just as little trouble. He will shake off that silly affectation in your office—the solicitor can be affected—and he will come out a good lawyer; while I am trying my luck in Temple chambers, waiting and waiting for briefs. With your help, by-and-bye, I am bound to do something. I shall get a case or two upon this circuit, anyhow."

"I can't think what has put this folly in your head, Theo," said his father, with a vexed air.

"It is not folly, father; it is not a caprice," the young man protested, with sudden earnestness. "For God's sake don't think me ungrateful, or that I would willingly turn my back upon my duty to you. Only—young people have troubles of their own, don't you know?—and of late I have not been altogether happy, I have not prospered in my one love dream; and so I have set up a new idol, that idol so many men worship with more or less success. I want to spread my wings, and see if they will carry me on a longer flight than I have taken yet."

"Well, it would be selfish of me to baulk you, even if your loss were to cripple me altogether. And it won't do that. I am strong enough to work on for a few weeks longer than I intended."

"Oh, my dear father, I hope it won't come to that. I hope my change of plan won't shorten your days. I'm selfish."

"I'm afraid that's inevitable, Theo. I can't transfer a fine practice to my son till I've made him a good lawyer—and Great Cheriton now long that will take in Harrington's case. Judging by my present estimation of him, I should say half an hour. But don't be downhearted, Theo. You shall eat your dinners. You shall qualify for the Woolsack. After all I don't know how a life of leisure might suit me. It would be a change from the known to the unknown, almost as stupendous as the change from life to death."

"Mathew Dalbrook had fathomed that secret woe at which Theodore had hinted darkly; in any case he took his elder's son's defection more easily than might have been looked, and Theodore felt that some preliminary futurity from the younger son, who accepted the gift of his articles, an allowance of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum, and the promise of a junior partnership in the near future, with the languid politeness of one who felt that he was conferring a favor.

Everything was settled off-hand, and Theodore was to go to London at the end of September to select and furnish his modest chambers in one of those groves of learned leisure, the Temple, and be ready to begin his new life with the beginning of term.

He had been to his cousin since the funeral, and she had been told nothing of this sudden reconstruction of his life; but he determined to see her before he left Dorchester, and to tell her of his desire to be a right, as her kinsman, to bid her good-bye. Perhaps in his heart-weariness he was inclined to exaggerate the solemnity of that last interview, somewhat as if he had been starting for Australia.

He drove over to the Priory on a dull grey afternoon, in the last week of August. His portmanteaus were packed, and all things were ready for an early departure next morning. Sorely as he had coveted of the good old town's life, on his birthplace, he felt a shade of melancholy at the idea of cutting himself adrift altogether from that quiet haven; and the love of those narrow streets of heath between the city and Wareham, and those swampy meadows and grazing cattle on the other side of that sleepy little town, was engrained in him deeper than he knew. It was a landscape which took a peculiar charm from the grey dimness of an autumnal atmosphere, and it seemed to Theodore that those low level pastures and winding waters had never looked fairer than they looked to day.

He had not seen his cousin since the day before he had left Dorchester, and he felt a shock at the change in her. It was too solemn a thing for him to leave the finding her in a home in which she was mistress of the door-yard round to the stables, while he was ushered at once to the drawing-room—that deathlike silence of a room recently occupied by a bereaved person, children nor guests, only one lonely inhabitant waited upon by solemn-visaged servants, drilled to a phenomenal quietness, and keeping all their people at the proper remoteness of the servants' hall, shut off by double doors and long passages. Saddened by that atmosphere of silence, he came into the drawing-room, and stood with her small cold hand in his, looking at the face which had changed so sorely from that rich bloom of the honeymoon, from the low light of the sinking sun on that summer evening not three months ago.

As he looked the memory of the bride's face came before him, and the face of the widow, and for a moment or two he stood speechless. The clearly-cut features were pinched and sharpened, the large dark eyes had deepened, long days of silent regret. The dark eyes were circled by purple shadows, and the oval cheeks were sunken and pallid. The rich color, the richness of that southern beauty had vanished, as if some withering blight had passed over the face.

"It was very good of you to think of me before you left Dorchester," she said gently.

She pushed forward a chair for her cousin, before she sat down; and Theodore seated himself opposite to her with the wicker work table between them. He wondered a little to find that she had exchanged gorgeous with bright colored silks, and dresses of unfinished embroidery; for it seemed to him that there was a touch of frivolity in this light ornamental needlework that hardly harmonized with her grief-stricken countenance.

"You could not suppose that I should leave without calling upon my dear cousin," "I should have come here weeks ago, only—"

"Only you wanted to give me time to grow cool. I understand that. I have been trouble straight in the face," she said, interpreting his thought. "That was very thoughtful of you. Well, the storm is over now. I am quite calm, you see. I shall be myself again, when I am getting over it. That is the usual phrase is it not? And so you are going to the bar, Theodore. I wish you all good luck, and shall be enough to make a name as my father did. It will be slow work, I suppose; but it will be a field worthy of your ambition, which a solicitor's office is a market too low for your merits."

"I have felt the want of a wider field for a long time; and I shall feel more interest in a barrister's work. And I hope you don't think I am conceited enough to expect to get on as well as your father."

"I don't know about that. I think you must know you are a clever man. I have been wishing to see you for a long time, Theodore, only I was like you, I wanted to give myself time to think. I want to talk to you about—the murderer."

"Yes. Have you heard anything? Has there been any clue?"

"Nothing. The offer of a reward has resulted in nothing—not one little scrap of information. The London detective gave up the business and went back to town a week after the funeral, having obtained only negative results. The police hereabouts are creatures without a idea; and when a murder is once done, unless some clever brain can solve the riddle, the wretch who killed my husband may go down to the grave undiscovered."

"It is hard that it should be so," said Theodore quietly, "yet it is an almost impossible case. There is not a single indication so far to put one on the track—not a single clue."

"Not for these dull-brained mechanical discoverers, perhaps; but for you or me, Theo; for you, who have the brain to follow the light. Think, what a strange murder it was. Not for gain, remember. Had it been the hand of a robber, I could have understand the difficulty in tracing that particular criminal among all the criminal class-es But this murder, which seems utterly motiveless, must have been prompted by some extraordinary motive. It was not the act of a maniac; a maniac must have left some track of his presence in the neighborhood. A madman could not have completely eluded the police on the alert to hunt him down. There must have been some indication."

"Put madness out of the question, Juanita, what then?"

"Hatred, Theodore. That is the strongest passion in the human mind—a savage hatred which could not be satisfied except with the fairest, brightest life that it had the power to destroy—a relentless hatred—not against him, not against my beloved. What had he done to all his good life that anyone upon this earth should hate him. But against us—against my father and mother and me—the usurpers, the owners of Cheriton Manor; against us who have thrust ourselves upon the soil which that old wicked race held so long. Oh, Theodore, I have thought and thought of this, till the conviction has grown into my mind—that has seemed like a revelation from God. It is one of that wicked family who has struck this blow.

"One of your predecessors—the Strangways? Is that what you mean, Nita?"

"Yes, that is what I mean."

"My dear Juanita, it is too wild an idea. What, after your father has owned the estate nearly a quarter of a century? Why should the enemy wait all those years—and choose such a time?"

"Because there never before was such an opportunity of striking a blow that should bring ruin upon us. My father's hope of making his son-in-law his successor in the peerage was known to a good many people. It may easily have reached the ears of the Strangways."

"My dear girl, the family has died off like rotten sheep. I doubt if there are any survivors of the old race."

"Oh, but families are not obliterated so easily. There is always someone left. There were two sons and a daughter of the old squire's. Surely one of these must have left children."

"But Juanita, to suppose that any man could hate the purchaser of an old family estate with a hatred malignant enough for murder is to imagine humanity akin to devils."

"We are akin to devils," cried Juanita, excitedly. "I have felt that I could rejoice as the devils rejoice at human suffering if I could see my husband's murderer tortured. Yes, if we were the people of a land where Indian savages tie their sacrificial victims—tied against a tree and killed by inches, with every variety of torture which a hellish ingenuity can suggest, I would say my litany, like those savages, my litany of triumph and content. Yes, Theodore, we have some in common with the devils than you may think."

"I cannot see the possibility of murder, prompted by such an inadequate motive," said Theodore soothingly, remembering how he spoke, how Churton had suggested that the crime looked like a vendetta.

"Inadequate! Why, that depends, don't you see. Remember, we have not to deal with good people. The Strangways were always an evil race. Almost every tradition that returns about their lives is a story of wrong-doing. And think how small a wound may be deadly when the blood has poison in it beforehand. And is it a small thing to see strangers in a home that has been in one's family for three centuries? Again, remember that although nothing has proven on the Cheriton side while the Strangways held it—or at any rate not for the last hundred years of their holding—no sooner was my father in possession than the luck changed. Quarries were developed; land that had been almost worthless became valuable for building. Everything has prospered with us. I have heard of thinks of them, published for ever, like Adam and Eve out of Paradise. Think of them with hate and envy gnawing their hearts—"

"There would be time for them to get over that feeling in four and twenty years. And when you talk about them, I should like to know exactly whom you mean. I assure you the general idea is that they have all died off. That is to say, all of the direct line."

"It is upon that very subject I want to talk to you, Theodore. Would you like to do me a service, a very great service?"

"Nothing would more delight me, Nita."

"Then will you try to find out all about the Strangways—if they are really all gone, or if there are not some survivors, or a survivor, of the last squire's family? If I have set that much in motion I will be something gained. We shall know better what to think. When I heard that Mathew Dalbrook was going to London it flashed into my mind that you would be just the right person to help me, and I knew how good you had been to my father, and how he would help, London is the place to make your inquiries. I have heard my father say that all broken lives—all doubtful characters—gravitate towards London. It is the one place where people fancy they can hide."

"I will do everything in my power to realize your wish, Juanita. I will do it as a pleasure, with a good deal of leisure, so I ought to succeed, if success be possible."

"Then," she sat silent for some few minutes, Juanita being exhausted with the passionate vehemence of her speech. She took up a piece of embroidery from the basket, and began with slow careful stitches, upon the petal of a dog rose.

"I am glad to see you engaged upon that artistic frivolous work as this," she said, interpreting his recent thoughts, which very first lighted on her satin-lined basket with its rainbow-hued silks. "It seems inconsistent, I dare say, but it helps me to keep my mind quiet my brain many a time when I have felt myself on the brink of madness. These slow regular stitches seem to keep the fingers of an alien mind as the flowers grow gradually, stitch by stitch, through the long melancholy day, have quieted my nerves. I cannot read. Books give me no comfort, for my eyes follow the page, but my mind is brooding on my own troubles. It is better to sit and think quietly, while I work. It is better to face my sorrow."

"Have you been long alone?"

"No. It is only three weeks since Lady Jane went back to her home in Swanage, and she was me two or three times a week. My father and mother come as often. You must not think I am deserted. Every one is very good to me."

"They have reason to be."

Again there was a brief interval of silence, and then Juanita closed her basket, and lifted tearful eyes to her cousin's face.

"You know all about the Strangways?" she inquired.

"I have heard a good deal about them from one and another. People who live in the country have long memories, and are fond of talking of the lords of the soil, even when the lords have vanished from the land. I have heard elderly men tell their after-dinner stories about the Strangways at my father's table."

"You know the family portraits at Cheriton?"

"The pictures in the hall. Yes. I have wondered sometimes that your father should take such pains to preserve the effigies of an alien race."

"I hate them," exclaimed Juanita, shuddering. "I always had an uncomfortable feeling about them, a feeling of strange cold eyes looking at us in secret enmity; but now I abhor them. There is a girl's face—a cruel face, too, that I used rather to admire when I was a child, and sometimes dream about—and on the last night but one—of—my happy life—I looked at that picture, with Godfrey, and told him how I had felt about it, and how he spoke the pitiful story of the original. The creature had a sad life, and died in France, poor and friendless, and her ghost haunts the place in strange step upon the terrace—while Godfrey and I were sitting in the library—a stealthy, creeping step, coming near one of the open windows, and then creeping away again. When we looked out there was no one to be seen."

"And this was the night before—Sir Godfrey's death?"

"Yes, I told my father about it—after—after my trouble; and when he questioned the gardener he discovered that footprints had been seen by one of them on the damp gravel the morning after I heard that ghost-like step. They were strange footprints the man was sure, or he would not have noticed them. The print of a shoe with a flat heel—not of a large foot—but they were not very distinct, and he went over them with his roller, and rolled them out, and thought no more about the fact till my father questioned him. The next day was dry and warm, as you know and the soil which that

hard next night. There were no footprints seen—afterwards."

"Did the gardener trace those marks beyond the terrace—to the avenue for instance?"

"Not he. All he did was to roll them out with his iron-roller."

"They suggest one point—that the murderer may have been lurking about on the night before the crime."

"I am sure of it. That footstep would not have frightened me if there had been no meaning in it. I felt as a Scotchman does when he has seen the shadow of the shroud round his friend's figure. It is a point for you to remember, Theodore; if you mean to help me."

"I do mean to help you."

"God bless you for that promise," she cried, giving him her hand, "and if you want any further information about the Strangways there is someone here who may be useful. Godfrey's old bailiff, Jasper Crane, lived over ten years at Cheriton. He only left there when the Squire died, and he almost immediately entered the service of Godfrey's father. If you can stay till the evening I will send for him, and you can ask him as many questions as you like."

"I will stay. There is a moon rather late in the evening, and I shall be able to get back any time before midnight. But Juanita, as an honest man I am bound to tell you that I believe you are following an *ignis fatuus*—you are influenced by prejudices and fancies, rather than by reason."

(To be Continued.)

Two Minds With the Same Thought.

One of the greatest banes of a student's life is that he is obliged to write compositions. It is something looked upon as extra work and is usually left until the last minute. Then the student hurriedly collects the necessary data, and in writing is very apt to introduce sentences from the encyclopedia.

Unfortunately it happens that one of the professors of English at Yale has written numerous articles for the encyclopedias. A few days ago this professor was reading over a composition with its author when he came across a particularly finely constructed sentence.

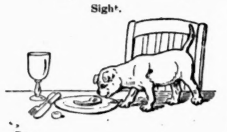
"That's a pretty good sentence," remarked the professor.

"Yes; I prided myself on that," replied the student.

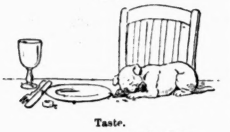
"So did I when I wrote it," added the professor, to the great discomfiture of his pupil.

The Five Senses.

Sight.



Smell.



Taste.

Hearing.

Touch.

Eight Days in a Week.

A day is added or taken from the calendar when a ship is crossing the Pacific Ocean. Those who remember this fact will be interested in the following extract from the journal of a traveler on his way from China to San Francisco: "We ran a northeasterly course at first, going as high as forty-seven degrees fifty-eight minutes north, in which latitude we crossed the 180th degree of longitude on July 9, and consequently had two Fridays and eight days in the week. This fairly puzzled one of our party, who came to breakfast in a bewildered state of mind, asking whether to day was yesterday or to-morrow, and declaring that he had certainly gone to bed on Friday night, and yet had got up again on Friday morning! For my own part I must say that it looks very strange to see in my diary, 'Friday 9, July No. 1,' 'Do., do., No. 2.'"

Not Obliging.

"They have got a mighty mean man for warden of the penitentiary at Columbus, O.," said a stranger to Officer Button at the Third street depot the other day.

"In what respect?"

"Wouldn't let me in to see the last hanging."

"Probably it was against the law."

"Yes, might have been, but he could have dodged it, I guess. The victim was an uncle of mine and expected to meet me there. The rest of us are coming to Michigan."

In Need Of Friendly Advice.

"Darringer, I have come to ask you to do me a great favor."

"What is it, young man?"

"You've been married a good many years, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"And three times, if I mistake not."

"Yes."

"Well, I am on the point of marrying, and I want you to dissuade me from my purpose."

How We Died.

From a Forgotten Dialect.

The last thing Selina Dolaro wrote that had a theatrical interest was How We Died, the weird sketch here published. Mr. E. Lenox Allen collaborated with her in its production. He tells me how it came to be written. They were seated on the piazza of a cottage on the Long Island seashore one morning last summer when an old tramp who represented that he had seen better days approached and asked for alms. He was extremely loquacious and his doddering talk suggested a character for a sketch—a man who had had a terrible experience, and in whose recital of it little details constantly appeared—to the ready mind of Mme. Delaro, who sent him to the kitchen for refreshments and immediately set to work outlining the little sketch which for years from these columns as an interesting literary relic of the brilliant woman who is gone from our midst.

My passion for self criticism is too keen to prevent my confessing to myself that my utterances are disjointed, unconnected. My mind is evidently not what it was, and you will use your own discretion in remembering my words. In your compassionate, your almost mocking smile, I read the death of the faculty that endowed me with manhood. My intelligence is a dead thing. Well, I do not regret it. It was a frayed and faded ornament to my life and I have long ago worn it out and cast it from me. Don't tell me that I am afflicted with analytic mania; you would be uttering at the same moment a truism and a paradox. Don't engage in an argument with a fool. It is worse than folly.

My history? Well, call it "The roses of yesteryear." I have lived.

I have lived! Indeed? What do you mean by the word, life? Can you tell me when and how life begins? I will undertake to tell you when and how it ends. You tear death. I—on the contrary—not I! It is not that I desire or await it with anticipation of delight. Death was not, neither is, it simply passes; and I shall watch it as it passes, and when it has passed I shall be a creature of that which comes after it, be it a reality, a dream, or pure nothingness.

Life is a frantic struggle in a state of immobility and impotence, absolute and complete. We do not progress; no, no! we stand still while the Unknown appears and disappears continually around us. It is an everlasting cyclone which unwraps as it passes, while we exhaust our finite intellects trying to discover a means to stand against it. Fools! as if it rested with us whether we should stand or fall!

Certainly I am mad—incontestably mad—and my mania is to love the whole scheme of creation because my heart has not the vitality to beat with the stronger pulsation of hatred. The weak never hate; they are angry, jealous, slanderous, irritating, petty. Hatred on the other hand is full of gorgeous heroism. To hate, one must have the courage—a courage not superhuman, but certainly of a high order—to lie to oneself, to one's revolted conscience, to one's simple bestial nature, so as to have but one thought, one ideal—that of a grand, unjust vengeance, knowing it all the while to be unjust. The brutes cannot hate, it is a human privilege.

One must be a man—a man of great manly attribute to arrive at the point of hatred—hatred of those who have injured you, hatred of those who have benefited you, hatred of all men for the injury of living—that is not easy, but we reach such sublimity of horror sometimes.

Man is nearly always wicked, but almost never with dignity. His little treacheries are like the little tricksters of the baboon. They seem to be instruments in the grotesque revenge of a vivified marionette.

I, for my part, was always weak and wicked. If my life had been an ordinary one, I, too, might have attained in time the sublimity of hating my fellow man with the cowardly ferocity of his kind. But, alas! there are events that make reason totter, and the faculties of the will fall shattered—events which kill and leave us living.

No one was responsible for my catastrophe, so I would fain have included the whole universe in one gigantic hate; but there was something within me that resisted my desire with the resistive potence of inertia. I realized that my hate was too great for my powers of harboring it, and I yielded—defeated.

Do you understand me? Ah! do not read my words, they are senseless, impotent—read my thoughts. Why did God give to man the faculty of speech? Evidently for his abasement; to render him weak and defenceless.

To resume. It was necessary to lay down a preliminary text, to submit in some sense that which I am powerless to express. Hatred is so near akin to love; love is, after all, only the embryonic, the new inventory stage of hate.

Certainly I am mad!—am I not?—yes!

Pay close attention to what I say—but never mind my words, look at me. You will understand it all.

Ah! but what a glorious night that was! What fun we had! They were playing Love and the Looking Glass; it was a screaming farce. We were in the first balcony. We was laughing, and in laughing she showed her sharp white teeth, like the teeth of a little wolf. I was making a paper boat of the programme. Ah, yes! I have an excellent memory.

We were at the side close to a little door through which came a draught that annoyed me. She didn't mind—she was enjoying herself too much.

I don't know how it happened—no one does. The panic was instantaneous.

The curtain fell suddenly—it was a dark green curtain—and immediately someone cried "Fire!"

The fire came out like a comedian who is recalled after the act—at one side of the proscenium. It came out panoplied in smoke and bespangled with sparks. It did not look as natural as it does in fairy spectacles, but it was more so. We knew that.

I remember perfectly all that happened next; but I could not tell it you, because I saw nothing. Men howled and fought with one another for life all round us.

I seized her in my arms and clasped her to my heart. She struggled to get free, doubtless to drag me to the blockaded stairways. But my only thought was to keep her from the tongues of flame that leaped up at us, and I clasped her closer, closer, and had flung my cloak around her trying to shield her with my body as I clasped her closer, closer! She struggled yet, you see, she loved me so—she, the loveliest, the most radiant of God's creatures! I the weakest and most mean. I clasped her as I would have welded her to me.

Gradually she became quiet, and when I realized that she would struggle no more and would not hinder my movements, I caught her up in my arms and darted for the door whose draughts had annoyed me. Lost in the darkness, no one had noticed it. All the others were stopped by heaps of dead. I was just in time—only just.

We reached the street. Before us the theatre burned like a tinder-rag, and inside it a thousand wretched human beings were burning, too.

"Well, we have escaped. We are lucky, are we not, darling? How frightened you were! Ah, but how frightened. Come, look up at me, laugh at me; the danger is over, sweetheart! Why, come! give me a smile, dear. Smile up at Dick! I am Dick."

I lifted her head; she was smiling, indeed, but it was the glassy smile of the epileptic—of a corpse. And her smile—the last spasm of her agony—had parted her lips, showing her stray white teeth, like the teeth of a little wolf.

She was dead! Oh, yes! She was quite dead.

How had I not known it when I bore her in my arms. The fire had not touched her; it had not singed a single golden thread of hair; it had not scorched the paper-boat which she still held crushed in her fingers.

I had suffocated—strangled—her in my arms, and had rescued from the flames a corpse—the corpse of her I had loved too frantically.

We died together.—*N. Y. Dramatic Mirror.*

For Wise Men.

Mrs. Smith—And you are really going to marry the widow after all, and, I hear, give up smoking!

Rangold Swell—Ya-as. Mutual 'rangement. She gives up her weeds—I give up mine.

An old lady describes a genius as "a man what knows more'n he can find out, and spills vittels on his clothes."

In speaking of the girl to whom he was engaged, he referred to her as his finances.

"You mean your fiancee. It is pronounced fee-ong say."

"I don't care how it is pronounced. That girl is my finance. She's worth five thousand pounds."

"Yes," said the sweet girl graduate, in a burst of confidence, "my education is now complete. Mamma and papa, unfortunately, have a habit of pronouncing their words badly, and they know so little of polite literature and the sciences, you see, that it really is quite a hardship for me to associate with them."

"Why, Marks, you look dreadfully peaked!"

"I feel so."

"Up all night?"

"Yes."

"With the boys, eh? You sly rascal!"

"Exactly—with two of them; had twins yesterday; both boys."

"What's the matter with Augustus?" asked one friend of another.

"He's gone insane!"

"Bless me! what happened that?"

"Why, you see, he parts his hair in the middle, and the other day he happened to get five more hairs on one side than on the other, and the inequality overthrew the balance of his brain."

What is that of which the common sort is the best?—Sense.

Oh, Johnny Smoker, I've caught you with that horrid cigar again, and I shall go right down and tell mamma on you.

Johnny (very faintly)—Look here, sis, I hope you ain't mean enough to get a fellow licked when he's a-dying, are you?

A lady with an unmusical voice insisted upon singing at a party.

"What does she call that?" inquired a guest.

"The Tempest, I think," answered another.

"Don't be alarmed," said a sea-captain present. "That's no tempest; it is only a squall, and will soon be over."

"What a resemblance there is between you and your husband, Mrs. Smith!" said a friend of the family. "Did any one ever call attention to it before?"

"Oh, yes!" broke in Fenderson, who always blunders. "They were walking down the street t'other day, and I heard a man remark, 'How much that woman looks like her son!'"

"No, no; that wasn't it," added Fenderson, seeing the cloud on Mrs. Smith's face; "what he said was, 'How much that fellow looks like his mother!'"

A skipper of a splendid schooner yacht asked the noble owner whether he would like to take the helm. The owner replied that he never took anything between breakfast and dinner.

Father of twins—Aren't they daisies, Brown?

Brown—They are that! What names did you give them?

F. of T.—Clara and Clarence.

Brown—How do you tell them apart?

F. of T.—Do you see that ribbon tied around the forefinger of the one? That's the way we tell them apart.

Brown—Which is the one that has the ribbon tied around its forefinger?

F. of T.—That's—I'll be dashed if I know.

New York Hostess—Why, what in the matter, my dear, in tears?

Philadelphia Guest—Oh, I fear the worst—I fear the worst! My husband is half an hour late, and I know he's dead—he's dead! He told me when he left that he would have to cross Broadway to-day.

Hobbs—Poor Quobbs, he's often shown himself to me a friend in need.

Blobbs—Yes, to me, too, he's often shown himself a friend in need—of $5.

Tenderfoot (in new Kansas town)—Where is the post-office?

Resident—Over there.

"Where?"

"D'ye see the man sawing wood? He's the post-master."

"Yes, but I don't see the post-office."

"Of course you don't. It's in his hat."

The Judge—Accused, you say you are blind?

Prisoner—Yes, your honor.

Judge—You are charged with vagrancy. How did you become blind?

Prisoner—By a fit of apoplexy.

Judge—Why, then, this picture on your breast representing an explosion in a mine in which you lost your sight?

Prisoner—Please, your honor, because to represent apoplexy painting is powerless.

Teacher—What's the difference between an elephant and a flea?

Smart boy—An elephant can get fleas, but a flea can't get elephants.

A little boy, compelled on account of a long journey to drink condensed milk, took his mother into his confidence:

"Mama, I wish to heavens the condensed cow would die."

In a club room.

Major Peyton—I don't care what you say, blood will tell.

Colonel Carter (interrupting)—I'm a friend of Major Blood, sah, and when a man says he will divulge confidences, sah, he utters an untruth, sah. My card, sah.

Joadkins says he first met his wife in a storm, took her to the first party in a storm, popped the question in a storm, married her in a storm, and has lived in a storm ever since, but thinks the day of the funeral will be a pleasant one.

Teacher (at the Public School)—Now, Bobby, how much do six and four make?

Bobby (eagerly)—Eleven, sir.

Teacher—Now, guess again.

Bobby (doubtfully)—Twelve—nine—thirteen.

Teacher—How about ten?

Bobby (exultingly)—Oh, you can't fool me that way. Five and five make ten.

Young Pinchpenny (at the club)—I hear that some temperance crank says the abolition of treating would put a stop to intemperance. What rot!

Curtewit—Well Pinchpenny, if nobody treated it would put a stop to yours, at least. (There is ill-feeling now between the two).

Mrs. Kindeheart—Yes, my poor dog was run over and crushed into a jelly.

Mrs. Heartlesse—Whine jelly, I suppose.

Fiancee (to her German lover)—Here, Liebling, is a pair of silk stockings I embroidered for you.

Liebling—Ach! mein Gott! how loafey, I vill wear dem until I dies.

"Dear little Alice, you are six years old today. What shall I give you for your birthday present?"

"A nice large bustle, like sister Anne wears."

"But your sister, my dear, is eighteen years old. You are far too little a girl to wear a bustle."

"Yes, that may be, papa, but I am not too little for Tommy to stick pins in my chair."

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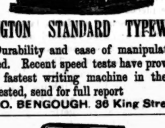

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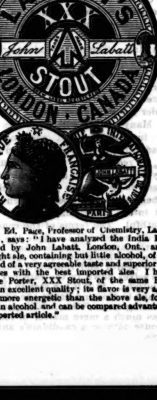

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The Toronto Saturday Night

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

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Never Too Late to Learn.

How often we hear young people who have their way to make in the world regretting in a despairing way the deficiencies of their intellectual outfit, as though the matter was irremediable. "Oh, if I had only had a few years more schooling," or "if my father had been able to send me to col ege," they will say in a regretful tone, and then apparently resign themselves to remain ignoramuses all their days. There could hardly be a greater mistake. Probably these same young men while sighing over the lost opportunities of their earlier days, lounge or idle away an hour or two of precious time daily, which, if devoted to home study, would in a few years bring them up to the standard of the average college graduate. Everyone who can read and write, and is not a natural-born dunce, can become well-educated by home study. Books are cheap, and it only needs application and a careful use of the leisure which others devote to gossipping or frivolity to assimilate any branch of knowledge. The examples of Horace Greeley and Elihu Burritt are conspicuous instances in point. Both were entirely self-taught, and became not merely educated in the ordinary sense, but exceptionally well informed and capable of brilliant intellectual achievements. We do not undervalue college education, but after all its chief benefit is the associations and friendships which it gives and habits of thought and feeling it fosters. So far as book knowledge is concerned, any man who can command the time and is spurred by the desire to apply himself to learning, as some students do under the stress of emulation, may easily equal them. Moreover a great portion of the time of the collegian is devoted to Latin and Greek which are of little practical use even as a means of selfculture. All the important writings of the ancients are to be had in English, and Emerson very forcibly said he would as soon think of swimming the Charles river every time he wanted to go to Boston instead of crossing the bridge, as of reading a Greek or Latin book in the original when he could get a translation. Few men on leaving the university retain more than a smattering of the dead languages, which is speedily forgotten. The man who sets out to improve his own mind is not the slave of a curriculum which embraces many such superfluous items. He can select such lines as will be of more use or accord more with his tastes. The Chautauqua Circle and similar institutions have done a good work in encouraging home study among those whose early opportunities have been scant. It cannot be too forcibly impressed on the minds of the large number of naturally bright, but half-educated young folks of both sexes, that either with or without such aids to study it is never too late to learn.

The Court Costume Question.

High society in England is greatly excited just now over the question of high vs. low-neck dresses at royal receptions. Hitherto the strictly *decollete* style has been insisted upon, greatly to the discomfort not only of those elderly and scraggy females who would discreetly prefer to conceal their waning charms of bust and shoulder, but of the numerous class who, without being positively in ill-health, are liable to suffer from the exposure to cold and draughts. Owing to the rigid insistance upon the *costume de rigueur* the function of a royal drawing-room is an occasion of unmitigated suffering to many weak-chested and delicate females. Judging from the descriptions of such events, which are usually characterized by long delays and a crush in which the victims may be detained for hours in the cold or damp, ladies undergoing the honor of presentation at court are often subjected to a degree of personal discomfort which, were it arbitrarily inflicted in place of being voluntarily undergone, would thrill the whole country with indignation. The protests against the requirement of full dress have at length borne fruit. Her Majesty has consented to modify the court regulation so far as to permit those "who from illness, infirmity or advancing years" cannot adopt the recognized court costume, to wear a dress more in accordance with common sense and the exigencies of a damp and variable climate. The sensation created by this new departure recalls the excitement which prevailed in Canada when the Princess Louise attempted to introduce the rigid etiquette of the English court at Rideau Hall. The outcry raised was very quickly followed by the abandonment of the obnoxious rule under cover of some such list of causes for exemption as Her Majesty has just promulgated. It is true that the terms of the recent order are in themselves far from satisfactory. Many ladies will doubtless prefer to shiver in regular court costume rather than plead illness, infirmity or advancing years as a reason for special indulgence. Especially will those who are approaching "a certain age," as the phrase goes, be reluctant to avail themselves of a liberty which may be construed into a confession that they are no longer youthful. The terms of the concession are shrewdly calculated to pique the *amour propre* of the average female mind and to induce the resolution to adhere to full dress at any cost to health and comfort rather than write themselves down in the category of age and decrepitude. Still it is a step in the right direction, and in time no doubt the admission of "advancing years," etc., will get to be regarded as much a mere matter of form as a custom house oath or a candidate's ante-election pledges.

Music

There is in Toronto a gentleman for whose artistic talents I have the highest regard and for whom I have the highest esteem personally. On this account I acknowledge with regret that in preparing my weekly column a fortnight ago, I inadvertently omitted, while speaking of the Albani concert, to mention Mons. Boucher's excellent performance. I am sure that his friends must have been gratified and the audience pleased with his brilliant playing on that occasion, especially as his engagement for the concert was such a graceful compliment on the part of his fair *compatriote*.

*

One of the most pleasing concerts I have attended this year was that of the combined Queen's Own and Thirteenth Battalion bands. So great was its success and so great a factor in the musical education of the masses is the well-conducted band, that I merely voice the wish of everyone present on Thursday night of last week when I say that I should like to see such concerts of monthly occurrence. The audience was an exceptionally large one, every seat being taken and two or three hundred people having to stand. This success was thoroughly deserved, as the programme was well arranged and exceedingly well carried out. The playing of the combined bands was extremely good, a lofty, massive tone being noticeable. I was particularly pleased with the Lac des Fees overture, a wonderfully sparkling work of Auber's, which I hope we shall hear frequently during the coming summer. The rendering of the massive The Heavens are Telling and the Hallelujah chorus was very impressive. The playing of each band in its individual effort was no less good. On a previous occasion I had the hardihood to institute comparisons between the bands which hurt the sensitive nature of some Hamiltonians, therefore I will spare their delicate sensibilities this time, and content myself by saying that either band is good enough for me. Miss Clara E. Barnes sang very prettily, especially in O Loving Heart, Trust on. Her voice has a very bright quality and her style is good.

*

Some time ago, when a certain gentleman was sponsor for a concert which took place in the Pavilion, I spoke of him as bearing a certain name, but added that he was not a noted impressario of this city. On Monday evening he asked me not to name him this time. I forbear to do so, but he is responsible for the Levy concert just the same. As the audience showed the bad taste to liberally applaud what was in many cases a simple variety performance, and as the audience, in its individual capacity, undoubtedly comprises a large portion of the intelligent readers of SATURDAY NIGHT, I exercise similar forbearance in not criticizing its good or bad taste in so applauding what should belong to Tony Pastor rather than to a concert company that has the sublime assurance to charge one dollar for admission to its delectable performance. To pile Pelion upon Ossa, the local promoters had the hardihood to charge ten cents for a so-called book of words, which contained: first—the words the contralto did not sing, and second—no words for the basso's song, the soprano's song, or the tenor's song, and which had little to recommend it except fair typography and an illustration of the enterprise of the concerns courageous enough to advertise in it.

*

Not is a useful word in the criticism of this concert, as the negatives before mentioned were reinforced by the fact that the pianist did *not* play the pieces allotted to him in the programme, the little school *etudes* he favored the audience with bearing no resemblance to the Wagner and Liszt numbers so grandiloquently placed upon the programme. The title, Grand Piano Fantasie (*sic*) Transcription Wagner, dwindled into a little bit of tinkling that suggested Sunday School bells, apart from its bad spelling. There was an energetic *claque* in the gallery that forced the running in the matter of encores, and everything was loudly applauded, so that a certain kind of success was indisputable. Names that have made the world ring were on the programme as those of performers, such as Mozart, Tamberlik, and Costa, but *helas!* how have the mighty fallen! when their owners were such as greeted Toronto on Monday night.

*

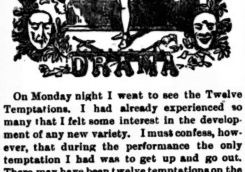
The first of these was the best. He was the pianist and he could play fairly well, and he played some sonorous accompaniments that spoke volumes for his physical strength, and for the durability of the piano. The second—oh! Shades of the Great Tamberlik!—was a kind of *vox et preterea nihil*—a veritable godsend to the critic who wants a cockshy to fling his literary rocks at; and the latter, who answers to the name of the great conductor who wrote Naaman and Eli and who lived nearly half a century of honest, conscientious artistic work, was not as *sounding* brass, but certainly like a tinkling cymbal (observe the accent on *sounding!*) She had a distinct—oh! how distinct!—acid voice, and sang like the veriest amateur, inflated into sublime and lofty indifference by the praise of indulgent and ignorant friends.

I am not often moved to such energetic denunciation as this, and it is pleasant to be able to add a word or two of praise. The basso, Sig. Maina, sang the aria from Lucrezia Borgia very fairly and was the most honestly good of the vocalists, but in his concerted pieces was decidedly inartistic. The contralto has a fine voice, which is rarely well equalized in its registers, but she sings in bad style, prefacing all higher notes with a whoop which would be creditable to a Nez Perce Indian, and fairly revelling in a nauseating *portamento*. Levy himself, surrounded as he was with serviceable foils, shone forth as an artist. His beautiful round tone and wonderfully smooth *glissando* effects pleased the cultured portion of his audience, and the inevitable Home, Sweet Home and Swanee Ribber, tickled the palates of the emotional contingent. His playing of the Inflammatus and of Non e Ver, however, was truly artistic and might have served as a model to many singers. As a virtuoso on the cornet he holds deservedly high rank, but the word "rank" is so suggestive that it must reluctantly be applied to the performance in its ensemble.

*

I see that the promoters of the College of Organists have not taken the advice given in this column some weeks ago, but have pro ceeded to organize the College with themselves and their friends as "Fellows" (the highest grade). This has much to recommend it, principally the fact that by this means they won't need to pass any examination, but can in some cases force such an ordeal on aspiring candidates. Even that is only optional in a measure, as the "College" can by a two-thirds vote elect any professional organist as "Fellow." A fine chance for *les amis de mes amis!* The humor of the thing lies in the fact that some of these "Fellows" have never occupied the organ in a church service in their lives, and I doubt if they could play a pedal scale decently. On the other hand, some men who have recognized positions in the musical world as organists are not included. I think that this affords me a fine opportunity to suggest that the newspaper critics—those much abused mortals—should also form a mutual admiration society and call it the College of Criticism, appointing each other as "Fellows." Come, Bro. Parkhurst of the *Mail*, Bro. Cummings of the *Empire*, Bro. Schuch of the *Globe*, and Bro. Adamson of the *World*, let us form a "college" and dub ourselves F. C. C. (Canada).

METRONOME.



On Monday night I went to see the Twelve Temptations. I had already experienced so many that I felt some interest in the development of any new variety. I must confess, however, that during the performance the only temptation I had was to get up and go out. There may have been twelve temptations on the stage, but I could not locate them. They could not have been the women, for, though there were more than twelve, had the beauty of the whole company been united in one person it could have been easily withstood, for a homelier lot of painted and long-stocking females I never saw gathered together under one management. I am no prude and can look without shuddering on the female form inclosed in tights, but I admit a human preference for shapeliness which is not surmounted by a face ugly enough to make the paper peel off the walls. The seconda danseuse was rather a pretty woman and could dance nicely. The premier was hideous enough to stop a railroad train, and those in the audience who had not an opera glass were in luck if they sat far enough back to be unable to distinguish her smile, which was as engaging and full of loose teeth as a death's head, but she is a splendid dancer though she is so old. With the exception of these two improvements the ballet was quite engaging, and the costumes, what there was of them, not at all bad. Miss Fox, who played Felicia, I regret to say is not handsome, which is unfortunate, as she can't act and is devoid of vivacity. In fact she is as doleful as a paid mourner, who whines out her lines as if she wished she were dead and had the money for her clothes. Miss Estelle as Zero, queen of the north pole and thereabouts, is very pleasant to look upon, and besides being attractive personally, could repeat her lines without being altogether absurd, though the emphasis was invariably misplaced. Miss Sutherland as Bright Eyes, made a record for herself which will not soon be forgotten by the lovers of music in Toronto. Her name will be handed down to posterity as being, without doubt, the worst singer who ever tried to warble in this vicinity. She probably tries to sing because she cannot do anything else, but her song was enough to blister the skin of a musical ear. I haven't a particularly musical ear, so I lived through it, but I saw people around me who were so thoroughly disordered by the horrors of her tuneless and unmanageable voice that they had to hold their jaws together to keep their teeth from falling out. It was the realization of supreme excellence in bad singing, and the audience, which by the way was an immense one, there scarcely being standing room, had reason to be deeply grateful that she sang but once. Mr. Neil Florence was Hubert the Valiant Prince of Thingaboh, who was lured to the arctic regions by the wiles of Queen Zero, who for some unaccountable reason had fallen in love with him, is considerable of an emotionalist, and chewed the scenery with an appetite which he probably acquired while his ship was ice-bound in the hyperborean regions. Since the earlier days of Mr. Thomas W. Keene the theater-goers of Toronto have not witnessed such an actor or heard such mouthings. I don't know how a good actor could reasonably play the part. I am quite positive no one with any reputation to lose would accept it, but Hubert the Valiant, as exemplified by Mr. Florence, is a ranter of the rankest kind. Mr. Jacques Kruger as Snoro Apropos did his work well, and was in fact the one really capable member of the company, though Mr. O'Brien, as the Beadle, did very well. The Savinella Brothers gave an entertaining and really wonderful exhibition of their skill as acrobats and were enthusiastically encored, the elephant act being about as funny a thing as I have seen lately. The scenery too was good, and I really wonder that the management risk such costly and beautiful properties on the stage with such a scene-lurcher as Mr. Florence. In the closing ballet where the costumes of all nations are displayed the audience showed their national feeling by hissing the premier danseuse who appeared in a pair of long stockings and the American flag. I imagine they were sorry for their hasty exhibition a moment later when the second dancing soloist appeared in the well-loved colors of Britannia. Mr. Kruger, too, was undeservedly hissed while getting off some of the gags which had been introduced to the audience some years ago. The jokes were old, to be sure, but not ancient enough to be maltreated as they were. Altogether the performance was quite as good as the, of its class generally are, and the evening was after all an enjoyable one to those who like horse-play, gorgeous scenery and a ballet. However as the amount of money taken at the door was unusually large the management will be able to stand the slight demonstrations of disapproval, and as I pointed out last week we have had another striking example of how much more popular a stocking show is than really artistic performances such as have been neglected by the public during the previous weeks.

*

Reilly & Woods' big show has been drawing crowded houses at the Toronto Opera House all this week. The bill of fare presented by this company is not of the highest class, but contains quite an excellent variety. There are negro minstrelsy, jig dancing, cornet playing, acrobatic tumbling, and daring trapeze acting and comedy, which borders on the vulgar, and is broad to the point of exciting protest. There is no lack of vim and go in this performance and there is much that, though boisterous, is really funny, but the line is drawn too far to the left and the fun becomes often too gross, even for spectators who are not overly fastidious.

*

The most attractive feature of the performance is the trapeze act of the Valdis Sisters. This act is not done on the stage, but directly over the heads of those sitting in the orchestra chairs, who are protected from any chance of mishap by a large net, which is spread some feet above their heads. It is on the revolving trapeze that the Valdis Sisters do their most startling work. This machine revolves perpendicularly and reminds one somewhat of a certain variety of merry go-round not unknown at country fairs, only that it is far more gossamery in construction. If the play bill speaks the truth, it is made of silver and cost $5,000, and unless Pat Reilly prevaricates, it is made to revolve by electricity. At any rate it worked smoothly, and the gyrations and contortions of those two women as they go around are an interesting study of what the human body can be brought to do with training.

*

Mr. Pat Reilly presents a most excellent picture of a New York Irishman, just such as we see in the clever and grotesque sketches of Zimmerman in *Judge*. This chalk imitation of an oil painting is nothing new here, having been successfully worked by one of our local artists, Mr. Bell-Smith. Miss Polly McDonald dances very cleverly, but the Melville and Stetson specialty with all its attendant evils, brought on by an encore, is too rank for this climate and is more suited to a Bowery concert hall crowd than an audience of fastidious Torontonians.

*

Next week one of H. R. Jacobs' companies will play Queen's Evidence at the Toronto Opera House. This melodrama is said to be strongly written and the company presenting it to be above the average.

*

The subscription lists for the forthcoming dramatic recitals of Mr. Chas. Roberts of New York, at Association Hall on Tuesday, March 19, and Thursday, March 21, which closed last Thursday, show to a wonderful degree the popularity of one who is called by many of the Boston and New York papers the greatest of living readers. Over seven hundred seats were subscribed for and the indications point to crowded houses for each recital. As a fit accompaniment to such an entertainment the services have been secured of Mlle. Adele Strauss, soprano, and Mme. Asher-Lucas of London, Eng., pianiste to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and those who attend will have the pleasure of listening to the finest entertainment of its peculiar kind ever given in Toronto. The plans will open at Nordheimer's on Thursday, March 14, at 10 a.m. and it is expected that but few seats will be left at the opening of the doors the evenings of the recitals.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

It is rumored that Mrs. Griswold (Annie Robe) will return to the stage next season.

It is said that Denman Thompson is at work on a play in which he will be seen in an entirely new and original character.

Mlle. Rhea has just completed negotiations for a new play on a historical subject, which will be the chief feature of her repertoire next season.

Isabel Campbell has signed with Daniel Frohman to fill the ingenue roles with E. H. Sothern in Lord Chumley and The Highest Bidder. She has also signed to fill the comedy juvenile roles of the Lyceum Theater next winter.

Henry Irving's appreciation of the success of Herman Vezin, who played Macbeth while he was ill, was attested by the presentation of a purse of 250 guineas and a ring containing a miniature of Shakespeare, set with brilliants.

The cost to Mrs. Langtry of the production of Lady Macbeth at the Fifth Avenue Theater is very much more than people suppose. For properties, scenery, and so forth, her bill was $7,500, while for her personal costumes alone the bill amounted to $8,000 more, one mantle alone costing over $1,500. The costumes for the supers were $3,000 more, and taking it altogether it is fair to assume that the mounting of the piece did not cost her less than $20,000.

I hear a story that will interest the friends of Madame Janauschek very much, and which goes to point that experience, even in a woman of such vast intelligence as Madame Janauschek, has no influence upon the weakness of a woman's heart. It is said that Madame Janauschek is completely under the domination of a handsome *jeun- premier*, who, from playing small parts in her company, has gradually absorbed the management of all her affairs. So completely is she under this influence that nothing is done without the consent of this young man. Her life is regulated to suit his taste, her business is dictated entirely upon the lines he lays down, and she makes absolutely no move that is not controlled by him.

Memories.

For Saturday Night.

The shadows of evening are falling,
Another long day's work is done,
The crows from the poplars are calling
Ere going to rest with the sun.

The twilight grows fainter and dimmer,
And birds in their coverts have flown,
Yet I watch till the last fading glimmer
Has left me in darkness alone.

As down the dark pathway I wander,
I dream of my far-away home
With a love growing deeper and fonder
The farther my lonely steps roam.

I dream of those long sunny hours
In the first merry spring-time of life,
When I roved, as in Eden's own bowers,
And dreamed not of anguish or strife.

For there in the balmy June weather
The robins and orio'es sang;
From the shades of the woodland together
Their sweet, warbling choruses rang.

I heard from the blossoming clover
The lark and the bob-o-link call,
And watched the light clouds floating over
As I lay by the o'd orchard wall.

*

Skimming over the fields went the swallow,
Or nest-building under the eaves;
The crows flying over the fallow
Sought their perch amid whispering leaves.

So passed the long summer day, over,
And shrilly, as sunset drew nigh,
Piped the whistling quail and the plover
From where the moist pasture-lands lie.

The cows, winding home from the meadow,
Came up through the long, narrow lane,
While slowly the deepening shadow
Crept over the wide, grassy plain.

And the peace and the stillness that follow
The fading of light from the west,
Then settled o'er hill, plain and hollow,
And all things were hushed and at rest.

G. M. S.

MARRINGHURST, MAN.

Rondeau.

For Saturday Night.

You love so well. Alas! how could I know,
You loved so oft, until you told me so?
Those ruby lips, those dreamy dark brown eyes,
This ringing laugh, those sweet half sobbing sighs—
Can they be false? Then love has fallen low.

Oh! had we never met or loved I trow
My soul might have escaped this blow
But it is yours, and yet you spurn the prize
You love so well.

The sages say that true love never dies
Forever lives, eternity defies,
And such is mine. 'Tis all I can bestow,
If you cannot return it, then forego
The present. Wayward love ne'er gratifies,
True passion; but returned is glorious,
You love so well.

TORONTO, March 1. J. A. G.

Pense a Moi.

For Saturday Night.

"Pray, love, remember—pansies, that's for thoughts."

Just a little golden pansy,
I bring, my love, to thee,
Keep it when but a faded flower
And think, dear one, of me.

Think of gold that is tried by fire,
When you see its yellow hue,
And know that thro' all false report
My heart is gold and true.

Then, let this little pansy be
Witness 'twixt thee and me;
Heartsease 'twill be to both of us,
For you will think of me.

TORONTO, February 15, 1889. NORA LAUDER.

A Similar Case.

Jack, I hear you've gone and done it.
Yes, I know some fellows will;
Went and tried it once myself, sir,
Though you see I'm single still.
And you met her—did you tell me?—
Down at Newport last July,
And resolved to ask the question
At a soiree? So did I.

I suppose you left the ball-room,
With its music and its light;
For they say love's flame is brightest
In the darkness of the night.
Well, you walked along together,
Overhead the starlit sky,
And I'll bet—old man, confess it—
You were frightened. So was I.

So you strolled along the terrace,
Saw the summer moonlight pour
All its radiance on the waters
As they rippled on the shore;
Till at length you gathered courage
When you saw that none were nigh—
Did you draw her close, and tell her
That you loved her? So did I.

Well, I needn't ask you further,
And I'm sure I wish you joy;
Think I'll wander down and see you
When you're married—eh, my boy?
When the honeymoon is over,
And you're settled down, we'll try—
What? The deuce you say! Rejected—
You rejected? So was I!

Fame.

Impatient to attain the height,
The power of a wondrous name,
I strove to gain the distant light
In one swift bound, immortal fame.

But fame came not. I sent hit afar
The muse of genius faithfully,
Where myriad hosts of star on star
Th saded the sumbre depths of sky.

Alas! proud fame unsatisfied
Demanded labor's sacrifice,
Patience and progress side by side
From lowly earth to silent skies.

So from the radiant dreams above,
I trod again the rugged way,
That future years a record prove
Of worthy effort day by day.

And as the years weave slowly on,
Fame, from her judgment seat afar,
Reviews the faithful labor done,
And marks each prog ess with a star,

Noted People.

Count von Moltke is very old, d af, and a martyr to a bad liver. Yet he carries himself easily and seems a well-preserved man.

James Russell Lowell will devote the remainder of his life to travel and reading. He says that his literary work is all done.

Empress Frederick of Germany has brought land at Stegliz for a hospice for young girls abandoned by their natural protectors.

Miss Fanny Macaulay died the other day at Brighton, England, at the age of 80 years. She was the latest surviving sister of the illustrious historian.

A recent visitor to the library of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says that the books in it that appeared to be most frequently consulted were a Bible and a copy of Shakespeare.

Mrs. Oliphant lives for the greater part of the year at Windsor, and is on friendly terms with Queen Victoria, who, it is said, has all Mrs. Oliphant's books read aloud to her as they appear.

The King of the Netherlands is fighting death inch by inch. The chief evidence of his state are the queen's drives; when she goes out he is better, when she keeps in the palace he is worse.

Lord Charles Beresford's Parliamentary career is drawing to a close, for he has applied (or is about to apply) to the Admiralty for employment, and will probably be sent to the Mediterranean.

It is said that Colonel North is to be made a Sheriff of London, because he has successfully floated a considerable number of companies, and by so doing has filled the pockets of numerous "stags" with money.

Robert Louis Stevenson is now in the cannibal islands of the southern seas but as they prefer substance to imagination there, he offers no temptation to the natives. He will never be mistaken for a missionary.

It is remarkable how much Col. Fred Grant comes to look like his father as he approaches middle age, observes the Washington *Post*. Walking beside a bright-eyed, winsome brunette, his charming wife, he appeared the incarnated vignette on a $5 silver certificate.

Sir Charles Russell, the principal attorney for the defence in the Parnell inquiry, is by common consent one of the three or four ablest of English lawyers, a politician also and a member of Parliament, a convinced home ruler and a man of the world.

Dr. King, the Bishop of Lincoln, whose trial for ritualistic practices is now going on, is one of the saints of the English Church. He has a spiritual face which you cannot look at without feeling the better for it, and which positively beams with benevolence. Add to this that he has a very sweet voice and winning manner, it is not difficult to understand the affection felt for the Bishop by all who have come under his influence.

Truth says with reference to the story that the Prince of Wales said he would never again enter a house where Count Herbert Bismarck is received, that "this is such preposterous nonsense that it scarcely requires contradiction. When the Prince of Wales goes to Berlin he must receive Count Herbert Bismarck, and he will certainly meet him at the Schloss. And when the Emperor William comes to England next summer he will be accompanied by Count Herbert, of course, will be entertained at Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, and Marlborough House. There is no question that Mr. Steed was the actual writer of the article on the Bismarcks in the *Contemporary Review*. He wrote it from material furnished to him by Mr. Bunting, the editor of the *Review*. It may be that this material passed through Paris, but what I believe is certain is that a very considerable portion of it emanated from Sir Robert Morier."

One peculiar development of Mrs. Harrison's independence of character is a dislike to be copied after or made to set a fashion in manners or dress in spite of herself. If she gets an idea that women are wearing their hair in a certain way or draping their skirts after a certain fashion just because she does it, she changes the style of her hair or her skirts at once. There will be no fashions set from the White House while she is there. It is said that recently a hair-dressing establishment in the East sent two women to Indianapolis to find out how Mrs. Harrison and the ladies of the Harrison family dressed their hair, so as to get up some new style to be called a la Harrison. They were baffled because Mrs. Harrison didn't seem to have any particular style of dressing the hair, but put it up in different ways, as happened to strike her fancy, but never in a peculiar or original fashion.

The Queen of Sweden, like all German princesses, is a stickler for etiquette; and yet she is so sympathetic toward the poor that she desires the "simplification of life." Sometimes the conflict between these two interests leads to funny incidents. For example, on one occasion the queen was told that some ladies did not care to be presented at court on account of the expense incurred for low-necked gowns that could only be worn on this occasion. This was a revelation to the queen, and a thought struck her. "At my drawing-room everybody must come in calico dresses," she said. "Low-necked?" one of the courtiers asked. "Of course. You don't suppose I want my guests to come in everyday attire?" "But your majesty forgets that these gowns, too, will be of no use afterwards, for nobody wears low-necked gowns." "Ah, don't they? I thought, of course, they did."

Many crowned heads are fond of dogs, and appreciate their faithful watch and ward. The huge mastiff which sleeps at the door of the bedchamber of the Emperor of all the Russias is believed to have frustrated many a well laid plot to injure his master. The Empress of Austria is proud of her Danish hounds, of which she has presented several to her dearest friends. They are cream colored, very massive in build, very attached to their master or mistress, but far too fierce to be agreeable to strangers, or to be judiciously used as watch dogs. The Sultan possesses a mastiff of Livonia, which he highly prizes. The valuable dog was a present from Count von Gotty, and is one of the ugliest brutes in existence. His eye-teeth are formidable tusks; his lower jaw projects for a couple of inches, and his whole aspect is most ferocious. Even the King of Wurtemberg has a canine pet—really a wretched mongrel—which he insists on taking with him wherever he goes, regarding the brute as a sort of familiar spirit, and professing to find in its sagacity some proof of spiritualistic influence. Several times has the cur been lost, perhaps purposely, but the fuss which the King made about his pet has always ended in its restoration.

The Archduke Rudolph, when a little boy, was so over disciplined and crammed with universal instruction, that his survival of the ordeal became a marvel. Though he seldom assumed such airs as the young Solomon who now heads the German Empire, yet his temper never seems to have recovered from the intense strain to which his brain was subjected, during the wretched time spent in the mill which is supposed to grind out Royal prodigies. The Emperor Francis Joseph had his state affairs to look after, and the Empress was absorbed in horses and hunting, while their son and heir remained in thrall to martinets and pedagogues. It was all meant for his good, of course, but the mark was woefully overshot. Count Osmont thus sums up the Prince's character in his *Reliques et Impressions*:—"By turns an author, a keen sportsman, appreciating wit in others and possessing much himself, he sketches a character with the cunning pencil of a master. An elegant and facile conversationalist, he is conversant with foreign languages, and never at a loss to express himself happily in them—sufficiently bitterly, too, when he is disposed. He views men and things through a glamor of cynicism, and to his caustic faculty they do say he owes many enemies."

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is moving into an elegant new house which she has just purchased on Massachusetts avenue, in Washington, and is fitting it up in the most sumptuous manner, as she can well afford to do, says a letter in the Chicago *News*. Mrs. Burnett probably earns more money than any woman in the world, and she gets a higher price for her work. Her income this year will be from fifty to sixty thousand dollars. She receives a percentage of the receipts from the play of Little Lord Fauntleroy, which is now being presented by four companies in England, and one in the United States, and two more are being organized to travel in this country. Her weekly revenues from the play in England vary from eight to twelve hundred dollars, and from the managers of the Broadway Theater in New York she gets about five hundred dollars a week. Fifteen hundred dollars a week is not an exaggerated estimate of her receipts from this play alone, while her revenues from the wonderful sale of the book are large. Seventy-five thousand copies of Little Lord Fauntleroy have already been sold, and the publishers say they cannot print them fast enough to supply the demand. An edition of ten thousand copies was in press on the first of December, and all were sold before they left the binder's hands. She receives from this twenty cents a copy, which leaves the aggregate not a small sum. Then she has been paid fifteen thousand dollars in advance by the McClure syndicate for a serial story that is just about half finished, and has received a retainer of five thousand dollars from the New York Ledger for another serial, to be delivered before July 1, when she will receive ten thousand more in full payment.

A Tale of the Club.

For Saturday Night.

My lord is a handsome society man,
And he once was a lovable bub;
But he's my own so lonesome many a day,
Since he took to going down to the club.

At our six o'clock dinner he fidgets and squirms,
As he hastily swallows his grub,
Then does a lean collar and fresh suit of clothes,
And rushes down town to his club.

No nice evenings at home can he ever afford,
Though I give him full many a rub;
But, "There's something of special importance to-night—
I can't stay away from the club."

About three in the morning he rings at the door,
Mak ng thereby a horrid hub-bub;
But he'd go once too often, as sure as he lives,
If they keep such late hours at the club.

Then, with breath like a spice mill, and face all a flame,
His cigar shortened down to a stub;
A nice thing for a woman to live and obey—
But it's all on account of the club.

He's a fraud—a this handsome society man—
Though he might be a perfect che ub,
But he lives for himself, and he'll die in a ditch,
If he don't stay away from the club.

Why seek for a wife, with his blandishments rare,
To neglect, to ignore, and to scrub?
If his drinks and his billiards are all he requires,
Why didn't he marry his c ub?

If he doesn't soon alter, I know what I'll do,
As sure as my name isn't Stubb;
I will give him fair warning, then some or these days
I will treat him at home to a club.

And for once in my life I'll th better half be,
For he'll be quite easy to drub,
When he's limp and big-headed, as often he i,
When he comes reeling home fr m the club.

And if that doesn't cure him, I'll leave him—I wi l,
For I'd rather be Biddy, an t scrub,
Than the wife of a man, though as rich as a Jew,
Who thinks less of me than his club.

SUNBURY, QUEBEC, February 24, 1889. J. SMILEY.

Erotic Literature.

The eruption of the demi monde in literature still continues, and the molten lava is still pouring down the sides of all our bookstalls. How long the fiery fluid will continue no one can tell with precision, but from present indications it is not at its height, and the protest of society and of the press has not fairly set in yet. I suspect that there must be half a score more of reckless and unscrupulous literary women yet to come to this vortex before people wake up to the shower of cinders that threatens to bury us all. The fever appears to have attacked in some degree even the ordinarily discreet writers. For example, we find so modest a bard as Josephine Hunt screaming throughout the press of the country in trochaics as follows:

And were I this instant
An angel possessed
Of the pen and the joy
That are given the blest,
I would fling my white robes
Unreprimandingly down;
I would tear from my forehead
Its beautiful crown,
To nestle once more
In that haven of rest—
Your lips upon mine,
My head on your breast,
You kissed me!

Now this, it strikes me, is the most unpardonable exhibition of erotic dementia that a lady can make. I do not object to kissing in any of its multifarious phases. I presume that lovers' kisses are the proper subject of poesy, but when a young woman goes off into hysteria because she has been kissed, and begins to throw her arms about and becomes a howling dervish, and tells us if she were in heaven among the blest she would fling her white robes unpringingly down and tear from her forehead its beautiful crown to nestle once more in masculine arms and feel once more the ecstatic thrill of a kiss, I think it is high time that we began to exercise some repressive measure upon this style of literature. A young woman flying frantically through the public highway, screaming for more kisses and begging for masculine arms and something to nestle down on, suggests a sad want of that discretion and modesty which at one time we thought to be the most amiable qualities of womanhood. There is one more objection to Josephine Hunt's kissing paroxysm, and it is that Ella Wheeler Wilcox went through identically the same contortion several years ago, and used almost the same screams and waved her arms in almost the same manner upon almost the same topic, if not the same manly breast, and I regret to say that I never heard that any of her masculine animal was prevailed upon to take her in his arms and let her nestle down properly and get over her fit.

In prose the demi-monde writers are quite as bad. Daintry, Libby and Atherton are the three graces who are at present dancing this Bacchanalian jig for the newsbeaters, and the only recompense that they seek is through the American News Company. Mr. Edgar Saltus was induced into this coterie and left his masculinity behind to write a "Transaction in Hearts," but I understand that since the appearance of that red hot pot-boiler in *Lippincott's Magazine*, the orders to cancel subscriptions were so numerous that Edgar Saltus reformed and retired from the Guild. Apropos of this eruption, I hear from all parts of the country of a steady increase in immorality. One of the daily papers last Sunday printed a page of interviews with the chiefs of police of the principal cities of the Union, and their testimony is that immorality of a social and sexual kind has been on the steady increase for a year or two. It is just possible that we are both the cause and effect. If such literature as is being vomited by these women at present goes into the homes of America, how is it possible for the girls of the country not to be demoralized? Vice is depicted in the most glowing and extenuating tones. The very harlotry of the brain is set forth as a spiritual strength, and depraved wantons are held up to admiration on account of their jewels, their dresses, and their extravagant delusions.

I strongly suspect that the return wave of protest will be a tremendous one, and sincerely trust that it will sweep these nauseous literary women into congenial oblivion. If the daily press were to do its whole duty and refuse to print the written puffs which these women write of their own works, and the weekly papers at so much per line, there might be less chance for their working their traffic. But at present the sounds of protest are weak and scattered. The vast religious press of this city, wrapt about with ecclesiastical indifference, never hears of the flood and takes no pains to inquire into the secular literature of the day. Let us wait. Society is built upon the home and rests secure upon the morality of our mothers and sisters. Whatever attacks that, however insidiously, will sooner or later array against itself the united forces of a healthy and vigorous and indignant country.—*New York Truth.*

A Reminiscence of Dickens.

Dickens, the novelist, on his first visit to America, came down to Hartford in a little steamer in February, 1842. It was an open winter. Dickens appeared, as he landed from the boat and was driven up, followed by crowds, to the City Hotel, like a young Cockney swell rather than the man who had pictured such characters and scenes as he had done in his world-admired novels; a writer who had already struck effectual blows at abuses in society. His hair was long, hanging down over his coat collar; his gaudy plaid vest in colors, and his showy necktie and flashy jewelry, all were "loud" and jarringly out of harmony with the idea people had formed of the author of such a character as little Nell. But his fresh, full-colored, youthful face had nevertheless a certain stamp of genius. A fine dinner was given to him at the City Hotel, at which the conviviality was general. Mr. Hamersley wrote a song for the occasion, which was sung with great *eclat*—The Fine Young English Gentleman. Dickens always spoke kindly of Hartford. It was here that he first made the acquaintance of the "sherry cobbler," a drink of which he spoke in terms of enthusiastic admiration; and on the ride to New Haven, he suggested to Mr. Hamersley more than one repetition of the delectable compound—the materials of which had been thoughtfully put aboard of the train. But it both-red him to remember the name of the ambrosia. He would interrupt a conversation with—"By the way, what did you say was the name of that drink we had?" "Was it sherry cobbler?" said Hamersley. "Oh yes! Sherry cobbler! Sherry cobbler!" eagerly exclaimed Dickens—"suppose we have another?" And "the other" one was made, every time a call was made for it.

DICKENS IN 1843.
(From the drawing by D. Maclise.)

He Wouldn't Play Second Fiddle.

Charlie Selley, of the Claxton Company, is full of stories. He tells one of a street vamin who held out his ragged cap before Lord Randolph Churchill and Lord Charles Beresford as they came slowly down the steps of a London club.

"What are you begging for?" asked Beresford, as he noticed the little fellow.

The boy said he had nothing else to do.

"See here," said Lord Randolph, "if you'll take that stone and hit that policeman in the back of the head I'll give you half a crown."

Nothing loth the boy picked up the stone and let her go. His aim was true, and the bobby turned in wrath, chased the gamin and captured him. Shaking him savagely he demanded why he should insult the majesty of the law, as represented in his person, so grossly. The boy whined that the two gentlemen, who were looking on very much amused, had offered him half a crown to do it, and he would give him one and six of it if he would release him. Dragging the boy up to the two men he demanded to know what they meant, and asked their names. Lord Charles Beresford handed the bobby his card. When he read it he humbly touched his hat and begged pardon. Then he asked Lord Randolph Churchill's name. He, too, handed his card, and its perusal had the same effect.

"You great gents must have your larks," he said, touching his hat. "Now, sir," he said, turning to the gamin, "what's your name?"

The boy looked up at him, after eyeing the great men, and said, sticking his thumbs in the armholes of his ragged vest:

"I'm Lord Salisbury."

We.

"What a dust we make!" said the fly to the revolving coach-wheel; and individual man, a smaller creature in proportion to this spinning planet than a fly is to a coach-wheel, has sometimes the assurance to speak and write as a plural representing the whole human race. Your new fangled moral philosopher and social reformer is very apt to argue and declaim as a world-embracing collective pronoun. "We are so constituted," "Our progress depends," "It concerns our happiness," "We can arrive at no other rational conclusion," quoth every wiseacre who thinks it his vocation to be the oracle of mankind.

There is an immense variety of the We's. They proceed upward on a sliding scale from simple You and I to the infinite. A partner in a business firm is a we, an editor is a we, the chairman of a committee is a we, the leader of a faction is a we, a political revolutionist is a we, and a monarch is a we, whose blasphemous plural is supposed to include the Omnipotent.

Say what you will of egotism, the first person singular is a manlier pronoun than the first person plural. "I" is a General Jackson among the parts of speech—a bold, outspoken fellow, that shoulders (and never thinks of dividing) the responsibility. He has an individual proper name, which he is not ashamed to put at the foot of his arguments and opinions, while "We" may be anybody, or everybody, or nobody, and is not a pronoun which one identifies with a tangible noun capable of standing on its own bottom.

"United we stands, divided I falls," hiccupped the drunken loafer to the lamp post; and many a charlatan, conscious of a lack of self supporting power, finds in the sententious "We" by which he links himself to a clique or a party, a very potent means of reaching and keeping a desirable position. In Bulwer's play of Richelieu, no sooner does Baradas obtain the confidence of the king, than he adopts the associative pronoun, upon which the cardinal inquires with a sneer, what authority "made him a plural."

The same question might be pertinently put to quite a number of speech makers and writers, who assume to represent public sentiment in their harangues and diatribes.

Women in Trousers.

In answer to a question as to how she likes her male attire Cora Tanner said: "How does it feel in trousers? There is only one answer to that question—simply, delightful. The sense of feeling that comes to a woman when she comes to dress in this way is quite beyond my power to describe. The costume is so easy and natural and adapts itself so readily to the human form, and permits such untrameled movements of limbs that I now anticipate wearing them on the stage at night with positive pleasure. When I think of it it seems marvelous how it was possible for a woman to cast aside the restraint of skirts and donning trousers to feel as though she had not shed some essential part of her existence. Most women who appear in trousers for the first time act as thought they were not all there. They are continually glancing down at their limbs, presumably to assure themselves that these members have not run away, and are still in their original positions. In a thousand ways they convey the impression that they are conscious and ill at ease. This does not arise from any false modesty on their part. They miss the skirts, that's all."

A Limit to His Ambition.

Female friend—Young Smithers, who is paying you attentions, is one of the most promising young men in this city.

Miss Lively—Yes, I know that.

He is ambitious, too. He is a man who will always aim higher than the mark.

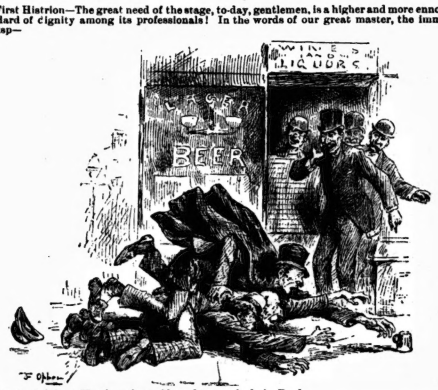
Aim higher than the mark? Well, I don't know about that. He has never kissed me on the nose yet.

Worse Than the Nebular Hypothesis.

An editor asks: "How shall we get our girls to read articles on scientific subjects?" Why, bless your soul, they do read such articles. They read books telling how to make polonaises, fichus, pelisses, jabots and things, trimmed with plaited plastrons, chenille corsages, three-ply boudinonses, foulard revers, moire antique passementerie, with high coiffure, etamine tunic, and so forth. And if these are not scientific articles, what are they? It would puzzle a scientist to understand them.

Poor Human Nature.

First Histrion—The great need of the stage, to-day, gentlemen, is a higher and more ennobling standard of dignity among its professionals! In the words of our great master, the immortal Shakspe—



Practical Joker—Here's a glass of beer for somebody!—*Puck.*

Moraing on the Sleeping-Car.

Mr. Burnap—I don't know where you come from, stranger, or who you be, but, b' gum! I ain't never refused ter shake with a man yet when he puts out his hand.—*Judge.*

CRUEL KINDRED.

By the Author of "A Piece of Patchwork," "Somebody's Daughter," "The House in the Close," "Snared," "The Mystery of White Towers," "Madam's Ward," etc.

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CHAPTER I.

Extracted from Lady Adela Nugent's Journal, May 29, 188-.

"I am a miserable girl! Yes, I repeat it—I'm a miserable, ill-used, forlorn, disconsolate girl! More than that, I'm a very bad disposition; more than that still, I won't do as they want me, even if mamma has hysterics all night and uncle Plumptre alters his will in the morning. There!

"Now I feel better. I always do feel better, little book, after I have scribbled away as fast as I can in you until my fingers ache. You are a great comfort; but you can't be pleased with me when I am pleased and sorry when I am sorry—you can't talk to me when I am dull and lonely—and, oh, I am often so very, very lonely! Ah, sometimes I wish that I were not Lady Adela Nugent, with an income of £800 who is going to give me a fortune of seventy thousand pounds! And, Or, above all things, I wish that I had a dear, sensible, motherly mother! Poor mamma! Has she ever really cared for anything. I wonder, but being a countess and being called Lady Nugent! Yet,—one other thing. She wants me to be Viscountess Tatton Pakenham.

"I won't be! Whatever they say, I'll never marry Claude Francis Algernon Tatton Vaux Ta.ton-Pakenham. In the first place, he is stupid—I have heard people say that his name was too much for him, and that he would be a duke if he had more spirit and brains; in the second place, I don't care a straw for him; and, in the third, he does not care a pin for me. He thinks I am a nice girl, I dare-say, and he knows I am to be a rich one; but there are girls that he admires more and would rather marry if they were as rich—if they were willing for him, of course. That isn't nearly enough for me. When I marry—if ever I do—I shall want my husband to think me the prettiest, sweetest, prettiest woman in the world; and I shall want to love him so much that I shall not care a bit whether he is handsome or ugly.

"No, I won't be Viscountess Tatton Pakenham. The Vicount proposed to-day. Really he did it very nicely, considering—so well indeed that I feel certain he must have learnt it all by heart beforehand. He didn't go down on his knees; I suppose men left off doing that when they gave up petticoats and pigtails. I've been proposed to twice, and neither of them went down on his knees. I wonder whether the third one will, and whether I shall refuse him too! For I have refused the Viscount; and now mamma and uncle Plumptre are furious, and I'm disgrace.

"I am in such disgrace that I'm to be sent away. Mamma declares that she is too upset to stay in town for the rest of the season, and must go to some polysyllable stupid place in Germany to drink the waters and restore the tones of her nerves; but she won't take me with her. I can't go down to Sugbrooke, my uncle Plumptre says he doesn't want to see me until I have come to my senses. So I am to go off in a couple of days to Oldcastle Towers, West Cumberland, near Wilderness, to stay—in disgrace—with I ady Oldcastle.

"Lady Oldcastle is a cousin—a very distant cousin—of my dead father, I think, I never see her. She is a widow, and has two sons—that is all I know about her. I have an idea that I shall not like her. Most ladies, from the account which I have no doubt mamma has written to her, she won't like me. I have another idea, that Oldcastle Towers will be dreadfully dreary. Nurse Pinkum says that Wilderness sounds a thousand miles away from 'everywhere entirely'—so it does.

"Nurse Pinkum is one of my comforts, and a blessing. I should be a thousand times more wretched than I am if I were to leave the dear old thing behind. Mamma said she would not go, and I said she should. Mamma gave in, of course. She always does if one perseveres, because she is too lazy to hold out. I'm not to be allowed any maid—girls who have so lost to all sense of propriety as to refuse viscounts have no right to maids. How shall I darn my gowns, I wonder? How shall I buttons my boots? How shall I do up my hair? Pooh—what a helpless silly creature I am! I'll learn to do it myself.

"Good-bye for the present, little book. There is a kiss for you for comforting me. It has blotted the last words; but it doesn't matter—no one sees you but me. When I open you next, it will be at Oldcastle Towers."

. . . . . .

"Pinkum," said Lady Adela Nugent, with an impressive and resigned solemnity, drawing down the corners of her rosy mouth and arching her pretty eyebrows, "you were wrong—you were nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand miles out. It's a million miles from everywhere!"

"Sure then, me lady, if it's two million miles, you was to say, it's not far out you'd be," returned Pinkum dolefully.

Pinkum's nationality was proclaimed by her speech. Pinkum once upon a time had emigrated to the intensely Hibernian name of Bridget Flynn. That was when she was under nursemaid to the infant daughter and only child of his lordship the Earl Nugent. Pinkum, the coachman, who was also a pink of sobriety and respectability, had fallen in love with Bridget's eyes and trim figure of the buxom Irish girl, and in due course she became Mrs. Pinkum and English. But nature was stronger than Bridget's wedding-ring, and, low, twenty years after, middle-aged and plump, with many a gray thread in her shining black hair, Pinkum's speech was almost as uncompromisingly Irish as it had been on the day when she first turned her back upon her native Ulster.

"It's awful!" dec ared Lady Adela dismally. "While they were about it, I wonder they didn't send us up in a balloon!"

Civilization had not made many strides in the neighborhood of Oldcastle Towers. Indeed it had been so exceedingly dilatory that the nearest railway station was at Holme Cultram, which was twenty miles away. Between the railway station and Wilderness, however, a coach plied twice a day; and by its means Lady Adela and Pinkum, with their baggage and luggage, had reached Wilderness—not without much shaking and jolting. The coach had deposited them at the one inn; and now they stood just within its rustic creeper-covered porch, in the fading light of a fair June evening, while the landlord bustled away to see if there was or was not a carriage waiting to take them to Oldcastle Towers.

There was not—the landlord had known that; but he came back to tell them so with a great display of obsequious astonishment. Pinkum succumbed without further struggle; she had down upon a great trunk and groaned. Her young mistress, at first inclined to give way too, revived in a very few moments and laughed merrily. Pinkum was shocked—nay, nier than when she turned up her eyes and called upon the saints to preserve her.

"Nonsense, you dear old goose!" she cried. "You are hungry—and so am I. Some tea will do you more good than all that weeping and wailing. They are sure to send for us presently—we telegraphed to Lady Oldcastle, you know—and, if hey don't, we can get something or other to take us there, no doubt. Now come—you look so funny sitting there on that box; and see what a lot of people are coming to look at us!"

Some tea was brought, also fresh butter, bread and new-laid eggs, and Pinkum was comforted. The meal was still in progress, when a sudden clatter in the little street caused both maid and mistress to turn their eyes towards the tiny latticed window. A carriage was drawing up before the inn door—a spruce, well-appointed carriage with a crest upon the shining panels, and drawn by a pair of fine chestnut horses.

Lady Adela, remembering the hint vaguely expected a very different vehicle, drew a breath of relief, and felt that she was still within measurable distance of civilization. The luggage was quickly adjusted, the carriage door held politely open by the smart footman, Pinkum got in, and her mistress got in, and were driven out of the little High Street in triumph.

For the first three of the four miles between Wilderness and Oldcastle Towers the road was almost level. Pinkum went to sleep, and Lady Adela sat in her corner with her pretty brows wrinkled into a frown. She was not in the best temper in the world. What she had done—she was indeed very well pleased with herself; but she had an unpleasant sense of being under punishment and in disgrace, and she felt a little in awe of the unknown Lady Oldcastle.

More than once since she had come out, two seasons since, Adela had been invited to Oldcastle Towers by her father's distant cousin; but the invitation had always met with a usual, definite refusal from the Earl's father. The girl felt that there could be no great cordiality between Lady Oldcastle, who had the aristocratic blood of the Nugents in her veins, and her mother, who was only a Plumptre, with a title that had been purchased with money made in the silk trade. The bargain had been very easy to strike, for when Charles, Earl Nugent, married Miss Plumptre he was a ruined man. It was well perhaps that the only issue of this marriage was a daughter; for, when the earl died some dozen years later, his widow's slender jointure was all that remained to her of her ninety thousand pounds.

It was also fortunate perhaps that her brother, the present silk merchant, Jonathan Plumptre, had no children. He was a big bald man of rather fine and intelligent features, though not deserving to be called vulgar; he affected a great contempt for titles, and always showed the greatest respect to the owners of them, Englishman-like. Whatever his faults, he was generous to his widowed sister, the Countess, and settled upon her an income which doubled her jointure; she was enabled made welcome at his country-seat at Sugbrooke whenever she chose to stay there; she was virtually mistress of his fine town house in Mayfair—Mrs. Plumptre was a nervous peevish invalid who rarely went into society at all—and he crowned his generosity by promising to give to his niece, Lady Adela, on the day she was married, the sum of seventy thousand pounds. In case she remained unmarried, the same sum was left to her in his will.

Mr. Plumptre particularly wished his niece to marry Viscount Tatton-Pakenham; but Lady Adela had resisted that with all her might. There had been a scene in the great house in Mayfair, during which the Countess had wept and had reproached her with ingratitude and cruelty, and had at last ended in a fainting fit; and the Viscount had been dismissed, remaining obstinate, was banished to Oldcastle Towers in disgrace.

If Lady Oldcastle turned out to be a griffin, Adela reflected, it would be absolutely awful. Still it was perfectly certain that she could never give in and marry Viscount Tatton Pakenham, with his lisp and his eye-glass, his handsome foolish face and his insanity. She closed her book with a resolute shutting-to, and then, roused by a sudden slackening in the motion of the carriage, looked out of the window.

Some tall lodge gates were being thrown open. Passing through them, they entered upon a broad drive flanked by fine trees. Beyond the avenue were more trees, huge and old, glimpses of smooth fresh turf, winding paths, tangles of fern and bracken. The park at Sugbrooke was painfully new, and Adela had hated it; but she fascinated her. After all, it was possible that she might like Oldcastle Towers. Certainly, from the approach and from the demesne, the Oldcastles could not be poor, although she had somehow been quite convinced that they would be—in a dignified and stately way, of course, as became their rank. Yonder they had looked with the setting sun shining radiantly upon it! By comparison the carriage was unbearably close and stuffy. Lady Adela leaned forward and shook the shoulder of the slumbering Pinkum.

"Pinkum, we will get out and walk to the house. I'm cramped with sitting still, and the park is beautiful. I shall stop the carriage."

The carriage was stopped accordingly. Adela sprang out lightly; Pinkum stumbled after her sleepily, and the vehicle went on again. Mistress and maid stood looking about them—the one admiring the beauty of the scene around, the other yawning.

"It is lovely!" Adela declared decisively. "I have an idea, do you know, Pinkum, that I shall like being here, after all. What a view! That is the sea over there, you know—and only look at the sunset! It is a thousand times nicer than being cooped up in town while all the freshness of summer wears off. If people had any sense, they would have their 'season' in winter and stuffy. Lady Adela leaned forward and shook the shoulder of the slumbering Pinkum.

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Pinkum offered no opinion upon the question, and she was much too sleepy to appreciate the view. She asked practically, staring after the receding carriage—

"And how'll we get to the house, me lady, if ye please?"

"Why, follow the drive, of course! It can't be very far; we shall see the house directly, no doubt. Pinkum, I tell you what—we will get up early in the morning and have a splendid long walk before breakfast."

Pinkum maintained a discreet silence; but she mentally resolved that she would be unusually sleepy in the morning. Her mistress did not press the point—her eyes and her thoughts were too busy.

"I wish," she went on, "I knew a little what Lady Oldcastle is like, Pinkum. It is so awkward to know nothing about her. She is old, I suppose—I think she must be old. And her sons, too—are they boys or grown-up men, I wonder? I only know their names—I don't believe that I have even heard as much as that. Her husband was Sir Guy Oldcastle, I know; so perhaps one of them is named Guy—the elder son most likely. 'Sir Guy Oldcastle' sounds rather nice, don't you think—just a wee bit uncommon and romantic? I do hope they are quite boys or quite men—it is so dreadfully difficult to get on with them when they are neither the one nor the other! What is the matter? Oh, what a beauty!"

Lady Adela's exclamation was occasioned by Pinkum, who had suddenly uttered a dismal shriek—her second, by the cause of the shriek, a large shaggy dog, which came bounding out of the shrubbery almost in front of them, making the air ring with a volley of deep-mouthed bay. Pinkum screamed again. Adela fearlessly patted the huge head of the dog, as it ceased barking and baited before her—dogs, especially big dogs, were her pet weakness. Then a shrill whistle sounded, and the dog's master appeared almost as abruptly as the dog himself had done.

He was a young man whose rather unusual breadth of shoulder and depth of chest were too great for his height, and gave him an ungainly, awkward look. He was clad in a rough tweed suit and gaiters, and wore a tweed hat, which he hastened to pull off as he saw the girl, thus giving her a full view of his face while he stood bare-headed before her.

It was a dark face, dark almost to swarthiness, and rendered more sombre in its effect by dark eyes under black brows, a heavy black moustache, and a straight sweep of thick dark hair surmounting the bronzed forehead. In features rather handsome, though by no means strikingly so, its general expression was both melancholy and severe.

Lady Adela hardly knew whether it made an agreeable impression upon her or the reverse. Certainly it could not be called a pleasant face; nor could this be said to be an attractive man. She was not beautiful, however, much before he replaced his hat and spoke to her.

"I am afraid my dog has startled you," he said. "There is no cause for alarm; he is quite harmless—to you."

"Oh, it was not I who was frightened!" Adela glanced at Pinkum with a smile, and, in pantomime, that it was more the dog's head again. "My maid is a little afraid of dogs—that is all; and this great fellow bounced out upon us so unexpectedly. If I had known he was, we should have had such an encounter, Pinkum, you should have stayed in the carriage." She looked frankly into the stranger's grave swarthy face, smiling still. "The park is so beautiful and the evening so lovely," she said, "that I could not resist the temptation of walking from the lodge."

"The carriage met you safely then? Seeing you here, I feared there might have been some mistake." He hesitated for a moment, and then added, with some stiffness, "I am, of course, speaking to Lady Adela Nugent?"

"Yes, I am Adela Nugent," the girl returned simply. "And you are—"

"I am Guy Oldcastle."

"Lady Oldcastle's son!" said Adela tentatively.

"Her elder son," the young man returned quietly.

CHAPTER II.

Pinkum fell respectfully behind, keeping a wary eye upon the dog; and Lady Adela and Sir Guy walked on side by side in front.

Rather hard to talk to, Adela thought; this was done in perfect silence; her grave faced companion seemed to have no idea of addressing her again; he walked looking straight before him, as though he had entirely forgotten or were utterly indifferent to her presence. It piqued the girl a little, but it amused her more. The manners of the inhabitants of Oldcastle Towers promised to be unique, at any rate. He might, she thought, have at least addressed some conventional words of welcome to her. But perhaps, she reflected—always remembering the circumstances which had brought her there—he was not glad to see her, and was too honest to pretend to be. Still this absolute silence was irksome. She broke it resolutely.

"Is it very far to the house, Sir Guy?"

"I beg your pardon—no." He spoke with a start and a quick roasing of himself which convinced her that he had only forgotten her. "Round this corner you will get a good view of the principal entrance. You see?"

Lady Adela looked, and saw Oldcastle Towers. It made precisely the same impression upon her that its master had already made—she did not know whether she liked it or not. It was a massive irregular building of grey stone, not square, but, for its breadth, very high and narrow. It was not all a-glitter with plate-glass, like Sugbrooke—and that impression Adela in its favor; but its general effect was decidedly grim, heavy, almost prison-like—and that made her doubtful.

She turned from her survey, and found that her companion was looking at her, which she had not expected.

"The Towers must be very old, Sir Guy!" she said tentatively.

"Very old. It is said—I don't know with how much truth—that some parts of the walls date back to the time of the second Henry; but that's an exaggeration probably. Still it is old enough."

"It looks so. It should have a host of ghosts and old legends attached to it. Has it?"

"Yes; there is a goodly stock of that rubbish, first and last." He shrugged his broad shoulders with a half-contemptuous laugh, and then went on, in a different tone, more ceremoniously. "I beg your pardon once more, Lady Adela—I am very remiss. I have not bidden you welcome! I hope you will like the Towers upon closer acquaintance, and be comfortable while you honor us by staying here."

"Which you have honored them! I should be sent away like a naughty child in disgrace, and no doubt this grim looking Sir Guy knew all about it! Adela would have liked to laugh outright, and, try as she might, she felt a little the smile would creep round her lips. But she thanked him with a demureness fully equal to his own gravity; and so, with very little more being said on either side, they came in a little while to the house, where Lady Adela and Pinkum found themselves being followed a tall spare dame, whose perfectly white hair formed a singular contrast to her flashing black eyes, first across a great hall where the shadows were gathering thickly, and then up one of two wide shallow staircases connected by a gallery overhead.

Sir Guy and his dog had disappeared somewhere in the gloom; as Adela paused at the top of the staircase, she heard the animal's deep bark in the distance, followed by the closing of a heavy door. She looked up at her tall conductress.

"Are you taking me to Lady Oldcastle? Does she know that I am here?"

"Her ladyship is dressing for dinner, my lady. She said, when the carriage arrived a little while ago, that perhaps you would prefer a rest first, and see her when you are ready yourself. I am Mrs. Uglow, the housekeeper—at your service."

Mrs. Uglow had a very soft voice, which hardly ever rose above its one regulated pitch. Lady Adela, looking scrutinisingly in the dusk of the, as we mighted gallery at the tall stiff figure, the smooth unlined face with its large pale-lipped mouth and sharp features, surmounted by the luxuriant roll of snow-white hair, decided, in her impulsive way, that she did not at all like Mrs. Uglow the housekeeper.

She signified quietly that she would certainly be glad to rest for a little while, and Uglow now followed her conductress along the gallery and down an adjacent corridor. An open door showed a large room, pleasant enough, but rather heavy-looking to the girl's eyes, used as they were to the light and glitter of Mayfair and Sugbrooke. Opening from it were both bed and dressing rooms. The only trunks that had been brought on the carriage from the inn at Wilderness was standing ready to be unfastened.

The housekeeper, stepping aside to let the girl enter, adressed her respectfully from the door—

"The dinner-hour is usually half past seven, my lady; but to-night it is eight o'clock. I was to ask, if you please, whether I should send one of the maids to help you."

"Thank you—no." Adela glanced with a smile at Pinkum, who nad loosened her bonnet strings, and was looking about her with the unmistakable expression of disparagement of Oldcastle Towers and everything and everybody connected with it. "I shall be sorry for that I require. But, if it is nearly an hour to dinner, I should like you to send me some tea."

"At once, my lady;" and she went quickly Mrs. Uglow shut the door and retired.

Lady Adela laughed, gave a little shudder, half real, half affected, and tossed her hat off her curly brown head.

"Ugh, what a disagreeable woman! She disappeared for all the world like a great sly pussy-cat! Pinkum, I don't like her a bit! I hope Lady Oldcastle is nice. Well, and what do you think of the Towers, so far?"

"Don't be after asking me, me lady!" Pinkum groaned, and shook her head forcedly-lingly. "Sure, then, it's safe back in London I'm wishing we were entirely!"

"Sure, then, it's glad I am that we're here entirely!" her mistress mimicked gaily. "There are no Viscount Tatton-Pakenhams here, at any rate"—this in an undertone. "Don't be a goose, Pinkum! Oldcastle Towers is beautiful; you will say so too before we have been here a week. Get out my dress now. I must make myself look tidy; I'm anything but that now."

Perhaps not, for her traveling-dress was dusty and her hair ruffled; but she looked very pretty, for all that—only pretty—nothing more.

For, to her mother's chagrin, and to the delight of handsomer society young ladies who had no rich uncles pledged to give them the comfortable little sum of seventy thousand pounds on the day they were married, Lady Adela was not beautiful, then the handsome of her mother's feeble blond prettiness or of her father's aristocratic Nugent features in her irregular dimpled face. Her bright brown hair rippling naturally over her head and gathered into a knot at the nape of her neck which was sometimes tidy and sometimes not; the clear beauty of her reddish-brown eyes was their power of expression. There was a promise of firmness about the outline of the little clearly-cut chin; the rosy mouth was wider than it should have been, and the small short nose above it was hopelessly nondescript. Two London seasons had not robbed her round cheeks of their fresh bloom or impaired the girlish grace of her figure. But Lady Adela was not beautiful, for all that; and her mother, the Countess, who at her birth had found it quite impossible to forgive her for not being a boy, had later on found it almost as difficult to forgive her for being a girl.

To confess a terrible truth, Lady Adela most strongly resembled her maternal grandmother, who had been the smart and pretty barmaid of a commercial inn at Sugbrooke, where Jonathan Plumptre the elder first saw her and forgot his habitual hard-headedness far enough to fall in love and marry her. The old lady was quite perfectly aware of this damaging fact, which indeed afforded her a good deal of mischievous amusement.

The tea came, brought, not by Mrs. Uglow the hous-ekeeper, but by a bright-looking maid; and Lady Adela, with the awkward yet assured grace of her kind, dressed for dinner, finding for dinner, finding the dreaded "doing up" of her hair easier than she had anticipated.

She pinned her bonnet on right and right when she took a last look at the slender figure reflected in the tall mirror and turned away to the door with a pleased consciousness of looking well. Certainly she had taken pains to impress Lady Oldcastle favorably. As for dark faced, silent, grim Sir Guy, she gave no thought to him at all, and would have been totally forgotten that her hostess had a second son.

She went along the corridor, carefully holding up the train of her white gown, wondering very much if she would be able to find the drawing room unassisted, entered the gallery, and, turning from it, found herself in a wide vaulted still more. Certainly, when she heard a wild peal of laughter, she did not expect to see such a strange sight as she had never met her eyes. A child—a lanky, sharp-shouldered girl, ten years old perhaps, with a brown eyelids faces, and a mass of tangled hair—was sitting jaunt-ily on the wide balustrade; and, as she caught sight of Adela, she uttered another shrill shriek of laughter, and slid swiftly down like an accomplished gymnast.

Who in the world could the queer child be? thought the girl, wondering what Lady Oldcastle would say to see this gymnastic performance. then, with a startled exclamation, she ran swiftly down the stairs, forgetting all about her white train; for there had been a sound and stifled cry, and the child was lying in a heap on the floor of the hall.

Quick as Adela had been, she did not reach her before the other had sprung to her feet. Had ran forward—a girl, she saw quickly, who was subdued-looking and fair and pretty, and little, if not quite, a lady. Both half knelt down, and both quickly rose again. The sifish child sat up, shook back her wild hair, and laughed coolly in both their faces.

"You are silly, Miss Stone!—this with a shrug of the sharp shoulders and a toss of the tousled head. "It is just true what aunt Olivia says you have been doing—I mustrol! You might know by this time, I should think, that I don't ever hurt myself. Now go and tell uncle Guy I have been doing what her keep me in the house all to morrow—do!"

"But you will hurt yourself, Angel—you know you will!" Miss Stone protested meekly, and vainly tried to adjust the tumbled frock of her unruly charge.

The child twitched herself away imperiously.

"Don't be a goose, Stone! I tell you I'm not a perceptible craze upon her arm with an involuntary wince, and looked up into Lady Adela's dark, dreamy, sad eyes. "You are A ela Nugent, aren't you?" she demanded abruptly.

"Yes," Lady Adela answered, and smiled, not at the child, but kindly into the pretty harassed face beyond her—"I am Adela Nugent."

"I knew you were," Angel assented, nodding. "But you don't know who I am, do you?"

"I only know that you are a very unkind and rude little girl," Adela returned coldly.

"What was I rude to?" demanded the child, with wide-open eyes.

"To this lady. Don't you think you were?"

"She's nothing to me, my mother pouted Angel, very evidently astonished—she as evidently hardly knew whether she was being jested with or not.

"If she is kind enough to take care of you, there is all the more reason why you should be kind to her. You were very rude indeed."

"Do you think so?" she inquired, half at that, Lady Adela; my small cousin's manners are undoubtedly singular. I see a curious survival of the original savage in you, my child, do you know? What is the bone in your nose, Miss Stone? What has she been doing?"

The child vanished out of sight had shut a moment before, and Sir Guy Oldcastle had joined the group at the foot of the stairs without being perceived. In his evening dress his broad powerful figure looked more graceful than it had looked in his Norfolk jacket and gaiters; the expanse of snowy shirt-front made his swarthy face look darker still.

"I slid down the balustrade, and then fell," muttered Angel sulkily.

Adela, with a movement of her lips, the pale lit-le governess made no attempt to copy

"And then were rude because your governess was foolish enough to concern herself about your neck? You are a promising young Miss Carstairs, upon my word!" With a grim smile, Sir Guy gave the lank dark hair a tug which, if it was done in jest, was certainly not pretty rough one. "Has she contrived as usual to give you a headache, Miss Stone? You look like it."

"It—it does ache a little, Sir Guy," faltered the girl, as timidly as though to confess to such an enormity as a headache were in itself an act of offence.

"You should go out for a stroll—the evening is lovely. I'll send this pleasant pupil of yours to her nurse."

Miss Stone murmured a bashful word or two of thanks, and, with a shy glance at Lady Adela, vanished in the gloom shadow of his grim smile still upon his face, Sir Guy looked at her.

"Did you bless the existence of a governess in your juvenile days, Lady Adela?"

"Not to any dreadful extent, I think. I had one; but I was very fond of her."

"Ah! As I remarked before, Angel is unique." This he said as coolly as though the child were out of hearing, although his hand was still twisted in her hair. "Her mother, Angelica—a singular proof of lack of foresight on the part of those who promised and vowed for her. But I beg your pardon—I am keeping you here. Let me show you the way to the drawing room. My mother is probably there by this time." He released the child, and pushed her lightly from him. "Run out to your nurse, Angel, and don't plague her more than you can help, little imp of mischief as you are! Be careful, or you will end by Lady Adela a worse opinion of you than I have."

He said it jestingly; but it was not taken as a jest by this strange child. She ran up a few steps, safely out of his reach, and then turned round with her little brown face crimson with unchildish rage.

"I don't care what she thinks!" she cried with a passionate stamp of her foot. "I don't want her to like me. I know what aunt Olivia said about her—I heard her. She said she must be a little fool not to murry the man they wanted her to, considering who her mother was, and where it was her money was coming from. You know she said it, cousin Guy; it was you she said it to. There!" Another fierce stamp of defiance, and then the passionate little figure rushed up the remaining stairs and disappeared in the gloom of the gallery overhead.

Adela had turned red and pale and red again—more in intense astonishment and dismay than in anger or chagrin. Indeed her keen sense of humor prompted her to laugh. She glanced at her companion's face, saw that its involuntary expression of embarrassment and discomfiture was not without some indication of amusement too, and did laugh unrestrainedly. Apparently relieved, Sir Guy laughed as well, though more sheepishly.

"Lady Adela," he said, "will you be kind enough to remember that, if you were just now asked for your private opinion of Angel, you might not care to give it before me, and that, if you did give it, I might not find myself flattered by listening? This is the only apology I can make to you for Miss Angel's outburst.

"I don't need any apology," returned Adela, trying to compose her face. "Lady Oldcastle repeated only what I had heard substantially from my own people a dozen times, I dare say, since I had the audacity to refuse to marry Viscount Tatton Pakenham."

"And for no better reason, as Lady Nugent pathetically assured my mother," Sir Guy said drily, "than that you did not care for him, nor he for you. To quote the Countess' letter again, you must certainly be wilfully blind to your own best interests.

"I don't think so, I am," Adela answered, a little sharply. She was far from sure that this awkward, swarthy young man was not laughing at her.

Undoubtedly you must be. There can be no doubt upon the subject. It is much to be deplored! Allow me—this is the drawing-room. My mother is here, I see."

He threw back a door, and with imperturbable gravity held it open for her to pass through. Lady Adela, sweeping by him with her pretty head held erect, caught the side look of the dark eyes, saw that they were very fine ones, in spite of their severe expression and sombre brows, and saw also that, although he was again smiling grimly, it was not at her. She began to think that, after all, she would find it possible to like her Sir Guy Oldcastle. Then she saw the silken sweep of heavy brocaded draperies and the glitter of diamonds, and knew that she stood in the presence of her hostess at last.

(To be Continued.)

Not Good Enough for Him.

The following incident occurred in one of the best known establishments of New York. Enter a well-known man about town, who hands his hat to an attendant to be ironed. While standing bareheaded at the counter in come Bishop Potter. The latter mistaking the clubman for one of the shop-walkers, gives him his hat with the inquiry: "Have you a hat like this?" The club man in the coolest possible manner takes the hat, turns it over, examines it closely, looks at it inside and out; then in slow and measured tones remarks: "No! I have not a hat like this, but I have a 'if I had, I am d——d if I would wear it.' This happens to be a true story.

Laconic.

Symthe—Hullo, Broughne! I'm sorry to see you in this crippled condition! Were you one of the victims of the recent railroad crash?

Broughne—No.

Smythe—Why are you hobbling about on crutches, with your head tied up and one arm in a sling?

Broughne—Toboggan slide.

Couldn't Do Both.

An author complaining of the injustice of the press in condemning his new tragedy, said, "The censures were unjust, for the audience did not hiss it."

"No," said a friend, "how could they yawn and hiss together?"

Nothing too Good for Him

Editor (to gentleman just arrived)—We don't want any poetry.

Gentleman—No?

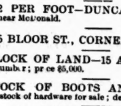
Editor—Nor prose.

Gentleman—No?

Editor—Or blank verse.

Gentleman—How would a $2 bill suit you for a year's subscription in advance?

Editor—Why, my dear sir, why didn't you say so at first? (To office boy) James, give this gentleman a couple of chairs and the floor to spit on."



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CHAPTER XXVII.

KILLICK'S DEATH.

Killick grew worse instead of better. His mind wandered when he was quiet and he muttered strange things about Cora and Tully, when he was engaged, and the trip to Europe which had so largely occupied his mind. Mrs. Killick was a hopeless invalid constantly confined to her room, and her long ago ceased to expect either affection or fidelity from her husband, but had she heard him whispering tender things to his bookkeeper and repeating over and over again the name of his false charmer she would have found her revenge when the paroxysms were coming on, and with frothing mouth he cursed Cora and vowed the most fiendish vengeance. His "spells," as the nurse called them, were awful to witness, and after each attack he became weaker in body and more unsettled mentally. Lawyer Chandler hearing these reports and anxious to force Tully into a defence of his partner's rascality, at last prevailed on Cora Burnham to begin the suit against her cousin, assuring her that at first there would be no publicity and the probable success of their case would be largely enhanced by Killick's inability to assist in Col. Moore's defence. Her father insisted and with sinking heart Cora yielded, but with the stipulation that nothing should be done without her consent.

Col. Moore was served with the writ and he at once repaired to Killick to demand an explanation, and in the absence of the senior partner and impelled by the report that Killick was dying, he finally confessed the whole matter to Tully.

"From your own explanation of the matter, Col. Moore," began Tully, fiercely, "I gather that you and Killick conspired to defraud my client. That she was, and is still, a client of our firm make it a serious matter for me, and though, according to your own admission you are an infernal scoundrel, I am bound to act for you as if I were convinced of your honesty. I wish you to understand my feelings in this matter and to know that I will do nothing for you except what is absolutely necessary, to defend your title to your estate in the hope of being able to save Miss Browning from loss. You tell me you saw the will in Killick's private vault and that he promised to give it to you when you paid him the money, and then refused. How do you suppose the will did come into hands of your uncle Ralph? Do you imagine Killick gave it to him?"

"It would be just like him," answered the little Colonel, sullenly. "He would have given it to me if he had not intended to use it again. Isn't it possible that they haven't got the will at all and this is a bluff? Can't you see if it is gone?"

Tully sat silently turning the matter over in his mind. Here was a good opportunity to get his hands on Killick's papers—papers, too, which were necessary to protect the firm's clients. Would he be justified in searching his partner's safe? Tully's conscience was easy one, and a month ago he would not have hesitated an instant, but would Dell approve it? Surely it would be in Dell's interest or justice! Yet it would be taking advantage of Killick's sickness!

"Yes, I can search for it but I must engage some one to act as Killick's attorney in the matter. Stay where you are for half an hour and I will send for Judge Rivers, we will follow his advice."

"Great Heavens," exclaimed the Colonel, "don't get old Rivers. If he finds out what it is all about I might as well give up my case. Get some lawyer whose mouth'll be shut by the fact that he is acting for a client."

"Well, then, I'll get Donald Scott, he used to be Killick's counsel, I remember. I suppose I might do it myself, but I propose to take no chances, and would let the matter stand over till Killick is either well or dead, only that the honor of the firm is involved, and I am not prepared to shoulder any of Killick's rascalities."

As a further precaution, Tully sent for Stryde, and while waiting for Scott he told him how they had been swindled, and his fears that the Loan Company's bonds were bad.

"If it is as you say," said Stryde firmly," I will replace every dollar she has lost by our mistakes. I am not rich enough to do it all at once, but I will never rest till it is all paid. If you can help me it can be done at once, and no matter whether we find this will or not, if it is in existence, we can do nothing but accept the facts as they are and make no attempt to defraud the genuine heirs in order to protect ourselves. However, I think it is quite within your duty under the circumstances to look for the will in the place Col. Moore specifies; it is doubly a firm matter as it concerns both your client and Killick's."

Donald Scott took the same view of the matter, and Dooley, who had been despatched for the keys, returning at that moment, they were quickly in Mr. Killick's room and had the vault door open. Neither Moore nor Tully had allowed their knowledge of the secret room, but waited to see the effect on their companions when the portier instead of a row of shelves revealed itself.

"This is certainly a very odd revelation," exclaimed Scott, pushing aside the curtain and entering. "I—I am almost sorry I consented to this search, but we may as well consider it. Where did you say the document was kept?"

"In the safe yonder," answered Moore, "but I'm afraid we can't open it."

Tully tried the lock, the door swung open and disclosed the ruined combination. Stryde at once exclaimed:

"The safe has been blown open. See, there is where it was drilled."

"There," cried Moore, "pointing in consternation to the empty space, "there was the drawer was from which he took the will; it is gone!"

"Gentlemen," said the old counsel, "there is something wrong about this; there has evidently been foul play of some kind; the whole matter should be placed in the hands of the police."

"I agree with you," answered Tully, who was thankful beyond measure that he had been so cautious. "If you will remain here I will go down to headquarters and report the matter to the detectives."

As he hurried through the streets to the police station, he felt sick with the thoughts of the shameful publicity which would be sure to follow, but grateful that in his resolution to do right, no matter what might be the result, he had providentially saved himself by calling in so many witnesses.

The two detectives detailed to look into the matter, searched the room and found the broken drawer and the drill and cartridges, and finding the name of the safe makers on one of the "bits" one of them went down to make inquiries, while Tully with his companions returned to his room for consultation. Stryde left them and Tully dismissed Moore with instructions to come back next day, and then Scott and Tully sat alone gazing oddly at each other.

"This is a queer business, Tully; tell me what it means!"

"It would take me a long time, Mr. Scott, but as you are acting for Killick in this will business you may as well know all about it. It is a rascally affair."

When Scott had heard him through and rose to go, he took Tully's hand and held it for a moment.

"Young man," said he, "you are in a difficult position, but you have begun right. Put the case concerning your partner's papers before one of the courts and be advised by the judge. I suppose all documents in the office not marked private are in the custody of the firm. In the morning I will come over and see that Killick's interests are not injured. In the meantime have one of the officers remain in charge. By-the-way," added Scott, turning back as he was leaving, "why don't you go over and see Chandler, and get him to postpone action in the Moore matter for a few days, and by that time Killick will either be dead or able to talk."

Chandler was not only communicative, but abusive. "Your old flame, Miss Cora Burnham, will have a chance to get even with you now that she is the heiress and you the beggar, and if she takes my advice, Killick and Tully will be in jail before many days."

"What has Cora Burnham to do with the case?" demanded Tully, swallowing his rage as best he could.

"Oh—h—so you don't know that her right name is Moore, and it is her father who is the claimant. She will have very much more money than Miss Browning, and—my gay young man—less mercy."

"Chandler," cried Tully, furiously, "you are a cowardly whelp, and if I had you where I could do it decently, I'd give you the kicking you deserve. Understand one thing, however, that I have done nothing wrong in this matter, and would not touch a hair of your Killick's sickness. And," said Tully, threateningly, as an idea struck him "you may have bigger work cut out for you in this case than you expect—something in the shape of burglary and murder, you know!"

"You daren't open it up!" retorted Chandler, incautiously. "You've too much to lose!"

"I have nothing to lose; Killick is a dying man, and dead men have nothing to conceal."

The blow was well aimed, and it brought Chandler to his senses. His private spite had carried him too far, and his sudden attempt to hedge, laid him still more open to Tully's "bluff."

Whatever accusation you may bring against my clients will fail to cover up your tracks, but we do not anticipate any fight; we would rather have a settlement. My client is old and wants his rights at once. I tell you this because you can make the Colonel quit and keep out of trouble yourselves—see?"

"Yes, I see. You want us to give Col. Moore the worst of it so as to save ourselves. If you were a younger man you'd get your nose pulled for an answer, but as you are too contemptible to touch, I'll tell you that you will get what the law gives you and when it gives it to you, and I am willing to take the worst you can give me!"

Stephen Tully as he glared defiance at Lawyer Chandler had in his face that unflinching determination and honest courage which can never be assumed and Chandler, who was but a weakling, recognized it and asked himself if he had been mistaken in his theory? Had Ralph Moore and his daughter been imposing upon him! As he thought of the advantage he had made to them he became thoroughly frightened and rushed to their house to convince himself that they had not gone.

The stock and business of "Mrs. Burnham, Fashionable Milliner," had been sold and Cora and her mother, for the first time in many years, were idle. Anxiety and idleness together made them utterly miserable, and gave birth to fears and ill-temper which rendered the place so uncomfortable that the husband and father declared "he would rather be a boarder with Satan himself," and had gone to spend the afternoon in the bar-room of his favorite saloon. Their evident alarm and distress when Chandler hurriedly entered made him still more suspicious, and before he left them they decided they would have to throw up the whole case and leave the city rather than face Tully's vague charges of "burglary and murder."

It is generally supposed by detectives that if those who commit murder, or, indeed, a minor crime, were only to act as they do when as usual and act as if nothing had happened, the arrest of culprits would decrease much more than fifty per cent. It is only the most artistic and practiced criminals who can so dissimulate and long experience restrain himself from those peculiar preparations and efforts at concealment which so generally mark the guilty, in other affairs the same impulse produces proportionately similar results. The anxiety which follows wrong-doing or conspiracy, becomes a consuming fire if in idleness or in a new occupation one has unusual opportunities for reflection. Even if one has done right, if the action is unprecedented or in violation of conventionality, the mind, dwelling on the public verdict which may follow publicity, is apt to get into a terribly unstrung condition. Things known only to the one who is wondering what people will say, seem all at once to have become known to everybody, and the world and the people in it become a new attitude. Thus one's past history all at once becomes a book open to everybody, and a desperate carefulness as to conduct, has produced himself with sufficient propriety to avoid being a conspicuous target of ridicule or criticism, seems to have become a matter of pride. This peculiar mental condition is more unusual with women than men, except in one relation. Men indifferently reared form habits and indulge in methods of conduct which unfit them for refined society, and no amount of effort, after these habits have become fixed, will effect a change. Women on the contrary, with few misgivings, will adjust themselves to a change of fortune, both in dress and conversation, and feel themselves quite competent to undertake the responsibility of sudden riches and the social duties that wealth entails. But in the one relation of womankind it is mankind they are always at a disadvantage and are fearful lest some mistake or mad adventure in lowly life will rise up against them when their social horizon broadens. This was particularly true of Cora and her mother. Unexpectedly discovered in the position of wealthy women of good family, they talked to one another of their past and wondered how people would regard what may be called the Tully episode. They had almost satisfied themselves that it was unknown outside their own limited circle and would be overlooked as one of the hardships of the struggle to obtain their rights, when Killick's illness and the necessity of pushing their claims to the Moore estates made them conscious that a wider publicity must be the result of the law suit. That their father might be imprisoned for burglary, and—worst of all—that an accusation might possibly be brought against her for being the cause of Killick's sickness, turned her cold with terror. She imagined all sorts of terrible things happening in Killick's office; the fear that perhaps her father had struck and injured the old lawyer, or that a coroner's inquiry might develop such a suspicion and the clerks might be examined as to her relations with Killick, and the fear that she might come out of the trial smirched by suspicion and damaged by what she would be forced to admit, robbed the prospective wealth of any charm. Cora Burnham belonged to that class of women who are essentially selfish and passionless. The slightest temptation could cause her to deviate from right except in any way which might involve her reputation and future prospects. She was one of those dangerous women whose impulses are controlled by ambition rather than affection; a woman not perhaps dangerous to the self, but to men. Now when she saw a great social future as one of her possibilities, it seemed terrible that all might be ruined by disclosures which would seemed much more damaging than the facts warranted.

Her father too had been drinking heavily, was irritable and impatient, her mother, also, was fretful, despondent, and continually inquiring of Cora if she thought they would all have to go to jail. When Mrs. Burnham asked this question of her husband he would very impolitely but forcibly tell her to go to a place never mentioned in polite society. The once well organized household was in a continual turmoil, and Lawyer Chandler was most unfavorably impressed by Cora's reticence when he questioned her as to what had taken place between her and Killick.

Tully, on the other hand, when he returned to his office was informed by the detective that there was little or no doubt but that Killick had himself blown open the safe, and as he sat in his room thinking over the strange occurrence he guessed very correctly that Cora and her father had obtained possession of the papers and either changed or injured the combination so that the safe could not be opened, and as the detective suggested the sight of the empty drawer after the labor of drilling through the steel had brought on the apoplectic fit in which Killick had fallen and smashed the box to atoms. He determined to go up to Killick's house and if his partner had a lucid interval to ask him what he should do with his private papers. When he got there the undertaker was fastening the flowing folds of crape on the door knob. At last the desperate scheme had closed his career and he need no longer fear the machinations of his wicked partner! The nurse met him in the hall, she was large and portly and had the sympathetic face and gentle manners of a lady.

"Yes sir," she answered when he questioned her, "his death was a truly awful one. He recovered consciousness about a half an hour before he died, and asked the doctor if he were likely to recover. He told him no, it was impossible, and at once he demanded writing materials that he might make his will, but he hadn't written a line before he was taken with another spell and struggled in the most awful agony until he died. You had better go up and see Mrs. Killick, sir, she needs someone to advise her. Poor woman she is low enough herself, though I must say she takes the death of her husband much more quietly than I should have expected."

In a bright front room Tully found Mrs. Killick propped up on many pillows, pale, hollow-eyed and patient, her thin white hands trembling on the coverlid, her wealth of brown hair but slightly silvered with gray, though over fifty winters had touched with their chill and sorrow the poor lady's life that had been particularly sad and loveless. Tully had never seen her before. It was not Killick's habit to introduce his business friends at his home, but when he made himself known she expressed her pleasure that he had come.

"Dr. Strong," she said, "is making all the arrangements for the funeral. He has been such a good friend to me, and until I can advise with him, take charge of the business and do with it as you see fit. My husband has not been a good man," she said, her breath coming in short gasps, "I know he has wronged many people, and I am sorry he died without being able to make his peace with God. He was a rich man, wasn't he, Mr. Tully?" she asked, turning her thin face towards him.

"I always understood him to be a very wealthy man, but, of course, I do not know his private affairs."

"If he has left me power to do so, I desire to right every wrong he has perpetrated. I haven't many more days left, and I can assure you, Mr. Tully, I am very sorry when the call comes for me. My life has been full of trouble, and the end of it, thank God, will be welcome. I have sent word for Dr. Strong to come, he will see you and tell you in what way you can serve me. Good-bye."

As he held out his hand to say adieu to her Tully's eyes filled with tears, and when those thin white hands clasped his and she looked up to him, he bent reverently down to hear what she had to say.

"You are a young man, Mr. Tully," said she; "your life is nearly all before you; don't make riches your god. Be true to yourself, take warning by my poor husband's life and awful death, and do not think me hard-hearted because I profess no sorrow for my death as a widow. It would be impossible," she gasped, "after what I have suffered, not to feel a sense of the coming of the greatest and greatest of all and of being relieved from a union which has been one of terrible trial. It seems almost like the first glimpse of Heaven to be free from him. I speak this way to you because I like your face; you are young and noble looking. Be worthy always of a woman's confidence. I know you will be, you couldn't be otherwise, and God will bless you by bestowing on you, if you haven't it now, a good woman's love. Good-bye again, I will send for you soon."

It was a sad scene, and Tully hurried back to his office, wondering, when that pure woman had dared to be glad that she had been relieved from a partnership with Killick, if he, too, might not feel that Providence had intervened to save him.

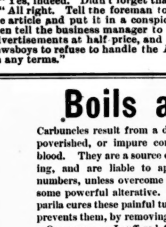
On his desk lay a letter. The handwriting to him was strange, and yet there was a look of familiarity. Could it be—yes, it was Dell's. He opened it.

"My dear friend," it ran, "I have been mistaken, you too made a mistake, thinking that because you had lost my fortune you must give your hand and sacrifice your future and yourself, in compensation as you did once before. I made the mistake of accepting; I am become a question of gratitude and generosity, it is all another mistake. Once before you thought you were in love because you were grateful. Now you think you are in love because you pity me and feel that you are responsible for some at least of my misfortunes. I used to charge you with being egotistical, I now feel certain that it was I who in reality made your debonair life seem so selfish, conceited and loveless. It is I who have been eaten up with conceit. When you asked me to love you, to be yours, I imagined that I yielded because I desired your moral and spiritual improvement, and accepted you as a part of my duty. I must go back to the first deceit I practiced on myself. When I thought there was a danger of you becoming reckless, and knowing that Mrs. King was fond of me, I feared that both would forget the duty you owed to my guardian who is gone, and for whom I had such a high sense of love and respect, and you had somehow believed that you cared for me, and to save us from the scandal which a hasty marriage with Mrs. King would have occasioned, I tried to win you away from her. It was presumption, prompted by a false conception of my own feelings, and a feeble striving towards the path of duty which still appears clear, though it now seems to lie in a different direction. I have deceived myself. You will not think that this deceit could be easily made, you are too generous to think that it is made for effect. Now I know that through all those months I loved you, and I believe that when I endeavored to win you away from Mrs. King, in my inmost heart I did it because my selfish soul longed for your companionship. You confessed to me, I must confess to you, Bee McKinley was in my confidence, I told her that when I got you away from Mrs. King I would secure the offer of marriage I believed you would make, and prove to her as well as to myself, how shallow and heartless you were. Everything has turned out so differently, I feel now that I was weaker and more selfish than you were, that you generously made an offer which you did not mean. I can clearly see that you offered me your hand because you thought it was your duty. Can you understand what I have written? I can hardly comprehend myself what it means; this a paration from you, the abandonment of the hope which defined itself amidst the clouds of misunderstandings which had held us apart. One thing I see clearly—and believe me in this, I have made up my mind—I must retract my promise. I cannot be your wife. My atonement will be bitter as it is, but it would be still more bitter if I permitted you to make the sacrifice you have offered. Before this letter reaches you, I shall have joined some friends who are leaving for the South, where I will spend the winter together. Do not ask me to change my mind. I cannot—I must not. Let your future be guided by the impulse which have proven you so manly, while I have been so self-deluded and weak. Achieve the great possibilities in store for you. Be what God intended you should be, but forget your old friend,

DELL."

When he finished reading the letter, he sprang from his seat and rang viciously at the telephone. Something was wrong with the wire—there always is something the matter when one is in a hurry. At last he caught the central office, and they gave him the wrong number as is customary. He rang again and again—the wire was crossed. In a passion of fear and desperation he pulled on his coat, ran out and hunted for a carriage. Of course there was none. When, trembling with anxiety and haste, did one ever find a cab? He at last found one, and was driven as fast as a bribe could persuade the driver to go, but he reached 25 Monroe Street too late—not a few moments too late, but hours too late. Dell had gone!

(To be Continued.)



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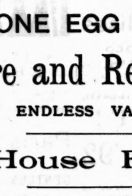

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'Varsity Chat.

The bright and balmy spring-time weather brings joy to many a respectable citizen's heart and inspiration to many a poet; but for the luckless undergraduate it is gall and wormwood. It provides a mighty temptation to quit work and it indicates the near approach of that monstrous thing, exams., which put anything but work out of the question. Such circumstances are the refinement of cruelty; they sadly wa p our free young souls.

*

Last week the Literary Society met as usual, and after passing a short resolution of sorrow for the loss of Prof. Young, immediately adjourned.

*

The mercantile classes of the city did not show any extravagant appreciation of the loss the University has sustained and themselves also, though perhaps it is too much to expect them to see as far as that. They did not even send their empty carriages. It is a curious comment on the intelligence of the wealthy. I say intelligence, for I am sure the circumstance shows them to be largely destitute of definite ideas as to what the purpose of a University is and what its influence. No wonder the Government is economical in its dealings with us.

*

The election bombshell has not yet burst, nor can anyone prophesy when it will or what destruction it will bring with it. There can be no reasonable doubt, however, that in a few days we shall be tearing each other to pieces, so to speak, over something which at present engages our attention not even a little. But we must have elections.

*

The annual meeting of the Association Foot Ball Club was held yesterday in Y. M. C. A. hall. The season promises to be a lively one. If there were no outside teams in existence we would have sufficient to do to keep us going amongst ourselves. The class society spirit is rampant, and each class is eager to annihilate the athletic pretensions of the others. So look out for squalls.

*

The baseball tour is taking tangible shape. A route has been mapped out and the personel of the team is being earnestly discussed. Quite apart from the great pleasure which the trip will afford the players, a great impetus will be given to the game, and that is a desideratum. Anything is welcome which tends to make man forget, if only for a short time, that books are not the sum total of existence.

NEMO.

Mr. Torrington's Criticism.

To the Editor of Saturday Night:

SIR,—A notice of the Samson performance in your paper of last Saturday contains some peculiar remarks concerning myself, which are so incorrect that for once I break through my rule of passing by personal criticism in silence. The notice states that "the only uncertainties were in a couple of choruses, in which Mr. Torrington's constitutional energy carried him on to such a speed that the chorus was in many places simply unable to sing the runs, and could only gaze at him in mute appeal. In one of these, To Song and Dance, this was notably the case, and in the same chorus Mr. Torrington emphasized his hurrying by tapping each beat on the desk for at least six bars." Now the facts are, that not only did I ask chorus and orchestra, *not* to hurry in this special chorus, but the very "taps on the desk" given on the first beat of a few measures, and not, as stated, upon "each beat for at least six bars," were intended to *prevent* hurrying, and to check a tendency in this direction manifested by a portion of the orchestra, the desired result being thus secured, namely, a slower and more steady tempo. There is no necessity for me to defend the chorus, as notwithstanding their "having to gaze at him in mute appeal" even it is admitted that "the chorus was noble and grand in tone and, sonority and was thoroughly up in its work, singing with splendid precision and clearness of both attack and cessation," and that "it had a splendid swing and dash, alike creditable to its own efficiency and to the excellence and thoughtfulness of Mr. Torrington's training." Pardon my trespassing upon your space, but I would like to say, that if one or two of those who write the so-called musical criticisms in some of the Toronto papers, would show a more kindly interest in the cause of music in our city, instead of apparently venting their spleen, and otherwise exhibiting their weak points, they would be much more useful servants of the public.

Yours faithfully,
F. H. TORRINGTON,
Conductor Philharmonic Society.

TORONTO, March 6, 1889.

Out of Town.

COLBORNE.

"I saw her at a country ball."

And a very good ball it was too, given by the Benedicts and Bachelors of Colborne, and after seeing the array of pretty faces there, the only wonder is that there should be any bachelors left in Colborne. The rink, which was very prettily decorated for the occasion, was the place, and Friday, March 1, the time of the festivities. The arrangements were all perfect, and it is sufficient to say that the supper was provided by Coleman of Toronto to guarantee that there was nothing left to be desired on that score. The music was supplied by Rizzo' band from Belleville. The ball was an unqualified success, and all who were fortunate enough to be there admit that it was quite the best ball that has been given anywhere between Toronto and Kingston. The greatest credit is due to Mr. W. L. Kidout, the Hon.-Sec., and the committee for the faithful way in which they performed their duties. The following is a partial list of the invited guests: Chief Justice and the Misses Armour, Judge and Mrs. Clarke, Judge and Mrs. Weller, Colonel and Mrs. Rogers and the Misses Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. H. Dennis, Mr. and Mrs. Osler, Mr. and the Misses Staunton, Sheriff Proctor and the Misses Proctor, Mr. Gearing, Miss Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose, Mr. and Mrs. George Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Miss Willoughby, Miss Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Mr. Coddrington Reid, Mr. W. Standish Lowe, Miss Thorburn, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, the Misses Todd, Mr. and Mrs. A. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. G. Cumming, Dr. Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. Locke, Judge Ketchum, Mrs. Keeler, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Keeler, Mrs. Smithett, Dr. Willoughby, M. P. P., Mr. and Mrs. Mulholland, Miss Daisy Strong, the Misses Whitby, Mrs. and the Misses Johnston, Dr. Hawley and Mr. Brown.

WEST TORONTO JUNCTION.

A large audience assembled at Campbell's new hall, on Friday evening last, March 1, at an At Home given by Mrs. Gabel and Miss Cordingley.

The hall was tastefully decorated with bunting, flags, Chinese lanterns and plants.

Dancing was kept up until an early hour to the inspiriting strains of Heintzman's orchestra.

The dresses of the ladies were very pretty, those most noticeable being Miss Green of Brussels, white satin, pearl trimmings; Miss Kennedy, pale pink satin and diamonds; Mrs. A. L. Gabel, white brocaded satin and lace; Miss Cordingley, black silk, feather trimmings and flowers; Mrs. Glydden of New York, pale blue brocaded satin and tulle draperies; Miss Lizzie Peacock, pink and crystal draperies; Miss M. Peacock, cream and crushed strawberry satin; Miss Stevens, heliotrope satin; Miss Daisy Thomson, black silk and canary trimmings; Mrs. E. Gabel, black silk and diamonds; Miss Watson, crushed strawberry satin; Mrs. J. C. Spotton, black silk with Honiton lace. Among others present were noticed: Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Pearson, Miss Wakefield, Mrs. J. B Cordingley, Miss Gillespie, Mrs. Clemmer, Miss Marks, the Misses Boyd, Mrs. Thomson, Mrs. Venables, the Misses Watson, Mrs. Behan, Miss Smith of Mount Forest, Mrs. C. Stevens, Miss Janes, Mrs. C. Wakefield, Miss A. Thomson, Miss M. Wakefield, Miss May Kennedy, Miss Bell, Miss Forbes, Miss Stevens, Mrs. Laxton, Miss Wyatt, Mrs. John Stewart, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Peake, Miss D'Eye, Miss Willis, Dr. Glendenan, Mr. D. Kennedy, Mr. Brock Stevens, Mr. F. W. Cordingley, Mr. R. Kennedy, Dr. Gillespie, Mr. J. J. Peake, Mr. W. C. Meredith, Rev. C. E. Thomson, Mr. Ed. Gabel, Mr. S. E. Pearson, Mr. J. B. Cordingley, Mr. H. Craig, Mr. R. W. Boyd, Mr. J. H. Venables, Mr. Phil. Wakefield, Mr. J. C. Spotton, Mr. A. L. Gabel, Dr. Williams, Mr. R. Burgess, Mr. W. R. Mosey, Mr. C. Wakefield, Mr. B. P. Smith, Mr. John Laxton, Mr. Clemmer, Mr. A. B. Cordingley, Mr. John Stewart, Mr. Ellis, Mr. B. H. Gilbert, Mr. P. Perryman, Mr. A. Roth, Mr. W. Medland, Mr. Chas. Hart, Mr. W. R. Skey, Mr. Geo. Hart, Mr. McFarlane, Mr. W. J. Clarke, Mr. Carr, Mr. McBride, Mr. Fowler, Mr. Forbes, Mr. A. F. Oakley, Mr. W. A. Martin, Mr. Davidson, Mr. Sholter, Mr. W. Peake.

BARRIE.

The residence of Mr. J. C. Morgan presented a gay appearance on Tuesday evening, March 5, when Mrs. Morgan was At Home to a number of friends. Among those present were: Hon. Judge Boys and Mrs. Boys, Mr. and Mrs. John Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ralkes, Mr. Spry, Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffry McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hewson, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Bird, Mr. and Mrs. Spotton, Mr. and Mrs. Cotter, Mrs. Makid, Miss Ardagh, Miss Reiner, Miss Kortright, Miss Hewitt, Miss Schrieber, Miss Mason and Miss Birdie Mason, Miss Stewart, Miss Way, Miss Macdonald of Cobourg, Mr. Boys and the Misses Boys, Mr. Leighton McCarthy, Mr. Hornsby and Miss Hornsby, Mr. Rogerson.

The music was all that could be desired. Those who assisted with Mr. Morgan were Misses Reiner, Mason, Bird and Stewart, Mr. Chas. Kortright, Mr. Hugh Kortright, Mr. R. Andros, Mr. Alves Boys, the Misses Bird, Miss Brydon, Miss Spry and Mr. W. Spry, Miss Miller and Miss Holmes, Dr. Ross, Mr. C. H. Crease, Miss Cotter, Mr. Gillett, Mr. Lauder, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Chas. Ardagh, Mr. F. Crease, Miss Murphy, Miss Sanders, Mr. MacGregor, Mr. Holt, Mr. Beatty, Mr. T. Baker, Mr. Schrieber and Mr. Campbell.

Miss Grace Campbell is visiting friends in Collingwood.

Miss Ardagh, daughter of Judge Ardagh of Winnipeg, is staying with relatives in town.

Mr. Harry O'Brien of Toronto spent a few days in town.

The Misses Foster went to Toronto on Tuesday to spend a few days.

NEWMARKET.

The ball of the 12th Hamilton York Rangers here on the evening of March 1 was a brilliant success. The following ladies and gentlemen were among those present: Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Wayling, Major and Mrs. Lloyd and party, Surgeon Bentley and Mrs. Greenwood, Capt. McCarty, Quartermaster Gower, Lieut. Wayling and Miss Wayling, Lieut. Allan, Capt. Ashworth, Dr. W. C. Widdifield, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Sowch, Miss Grayley, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. W. Allan, Mrs. Dane, Miss Soulen, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Ross, Mr. W. A. Brunton, Miss Roe, Mr. and Mrs. David Lloyd, Mrs. Rogers, Miss Ratcliffe, Dr. and Mrs. Stuart and party, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Roe, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bastedo and party, Mr. A. A. Y. Ramsay, Mr. E. S. Cane, Mr. A. G. Bastedo, Mr. E. A. Bogart, Miss Caldwell, Mr. Walton, Miss Clara Walton, Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, the Misses Forsythe, Mr. Geo. Moore and the Misses Moore, Mrs. A. T. and Miss Doan, Mr. J. M. Beltry and Miss Bowman, Mr. J. J. Lowe, Mr. T. C. Watson, Mr. T. J. Robertson and Miss Bray, Mr. J. S. Downs, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mr. W. Sutherland, Miss Bowman, Dr. and Mrs. Howe, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. McClintock, Mr. H. E. Irvine, Mr. W. St. C. Sutherland, the Misses Pulman, Miss Bastedo.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

JOHNSON—On March 7, at 435 Carlton street, Mrs. F. J. Johnson—a daughter.

FINNIE—On February 28, at Arnprior, Mrs. D. M. Finnie—a daughter.

HENDERSON—On February 22, at Toronto, Mrs. Wm. Henderson—a daughter.

JARVIS—On February 26, at Chatham, Ont., Mrs. F. S. Jarvis—a son.

LOVELL—On March 3, at Toronto, Mrs. Robert Lovell—a daughter.

ROSS—On March 2, at Uxbridge, Mr. Robert Ross—a daughter.

MUNNS—On March 5, at Parkdale, Mrs. H. Munns—a daughter.

McMURTRY—On February 17, at Toronto, Mrs. J. W. McMurtry—a daughter.

BAILY—On February 26, at Toronto, Mrs. Wm. Baily—a son.

WILSON—On February 27, at Toronto, Mrs. W. G. Wilson—a daughter.

BLUE—On February 27, at Toronto, Mrs. Archibald Blue—a son.

SMITH—On February 26, at Toronto, Mrs. W. A. Smith—a son.

CURREY—On February 27, at Toronto, Mrs. M. Currey—a daughter.

CROUCH—On March 2, at Toronto, Mrs. R. G. Crouch—a son.

MacMILLAN—On February 28, at Toronto, Mrs. J. R. MacMillan—a daughter.

O'HARA—At Toronto, Mrs. Joseph O'Hara—a daughter.

Marriages.

BROWN—HUTCHISON—On March 5, at Montreal, Chas. James Brown of Toronto, to Lilias Agnes Hutchison of Montreal.

USHER—JOHNSON—On March 5, at Brampton, Edgeworth Stanton Usher of Hamilton, to Emma Johnson.

WEBBER—CASSELS—On March 5, at Toronto, Bertram C. Webber of Toronto, to Isabella Cassels.

HAMILTON—HEALEY—On March 6, at Toronto, J. M. Hamilton to Agnes Healey.

BROWN—WILSON—On February 28, at Toronto, Thos. Brown to Jeanie Wilson.

HUTTON—TODD—On February 27, at Thornbury, John E. Hutton to Eva M. Young.

BIXON—SHUKERT—On February 27, at Lowville, James P. Bixon to Mary Adelaide Sh ert.

BEAUMONT—HOLCOMB—On February 27, at Hamilton, W. E. Beaumont to Lizzie M. Holcomb.

EVANS—BOGARDES—On February 27, at Parkdale, John Thomas Evans to Sarah Bogardes.

ROBINSON—CHARLTON—On February 28, at Toronto, Wm. E. Robinson to Jennie Charlton of Vaughan.

MANNING—FENNELL—On February 27, at Bradford, T. A. M. Manning to Jennie M. Fennell.

Deaths.

CORNISH—On March 6, at Lambton Mills, Francis Cornish, aged 86 years.

HIBBARD—On March 2, at Rusholme, Manchester, Eng., Annie S. Lane Hibbard.

STEWART—On March 6, at Toronto, John Alleyne Stewart, aged 29 years.

BARCLAY—On March 5, at Guelph, Francis Barclay, aged 67 years.

SHAW—On March 4, at Toronto, Robert Shaw, aged 72 years.

WIGHTMAN—At Toronto, John Wightman, aged 84 years.

CULLEN—On March 6, at Toronto, Mrs. Kathrane Cullen, aged 76 years.

MACKAY—On March 5, at London, England, James Mackay of the firm of Mackay Brothers, Montreal.

GOWANLOCK—On February 28, at North Orillia, William Gowanlock, aged 57 years.

ALEXANDER—On March 1, at Toronto, Mrs. Henry S. Alexander, aged 52 years.

MUIR—On February 20, at Chicago, Mrs. Catharine Muir of Scarborough, aged 77 years.

WEBSTER—On March 2, at Toronto, William Webster, aged 69 years.

BIRNEY—On February 28, at Toronto, William Cooper Birney, aged 21 years.

LOVEY—On March 3, at Los Gatos, California, Wellington Lloyd, M.D.

CURRAN—On March 4, at Toronto, Elizabeth Ford Curran, aged 40 years.

HYDE—On March 4, at Stratford, John Hyde, L. R. C. P. & S., Glasgow, aged 70 years.

LAUDER—On March 3, at Toronto, Robert Lauder, aged 51 years.

HENRICK—On March 4, at Toronto, Lawrence P. Henrick, aged 23 years.

GOFFEY—On March 4, at Toronto, Mrs. Matthew J. Coffey, aged 21 years.

SCOTT—On February 25, at San Francisco, Cal., William R. Scott, aged 43 years.

BAINES—On February 27, at St. George, Egerton Robert Baines, aged 58 years.

HIGGINS—On February 28, at St. George, Mrs. Charles Higgins.

PIEWMAN—On March 1, at Toronto, Ellen Irene Piewman, aged 1 year.

FOSTER—On February 28, at Hamilton, Mrs. George Foster, aged 64 years.

WHEELER—On February 26, at Collingwood, Capt. Edward Oliver Wheeler, aged 75 years.

BATCHELOR—On March 4, at Toronto, George Batchelor of Brighton, England, aged 28 years.

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At Least This is the Theory of It.

It is dangerous for a man to be too perfect in his part when proposing marriage to a girl. He will give himself away in such a way that she will know he has proposed many times before, and will not regard it as a compliment. He should seem agitated, and awkward, and stammer, and she will take him at his word before he really says it, and all will be right.

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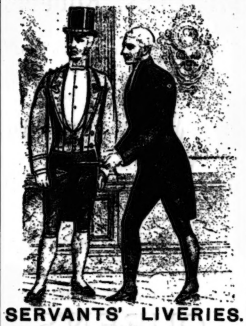

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